The AMERICAN HOME

10¢

Featuring Antiques as Hobbies

ld Quilts (COLOR) :: Old glass, silver, bookmarks :: Barber's bottles :: Collector's homes

JULY 1938

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MISS MARIE DONEGAN
920 E ANN ST
ANN ARBOR MICH

WE ALWAYS EAT OUR SALADS NOW!

WITH REAL MAYONNAISE REALLY FRESH!

IT'S NO PROBLEM NOW TO GET DEDE AND BOBBY TO EAT THEIR QUOTA OF FRESH VEGETABLES EVERY DAY. I FIX THEM A SALAD. THEY'RE CRAZY ABOUT THE MAYONNAISE!
WELL, I'D TRY THAT FOR MY YOUNGSTERS—IF IT WEREN'T SUCH A JOB TO MAKE MAYONNAISE!
BUT DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CAN GET THIS REAL MAYONNAISE AT YOUR GROCER'S? IT'S ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ORDINARY DRESSINGS. MADE BY THE REGULAR HOME RECIPE—NO STARCHY FILLERS! AND IT TASTES FRESHER EVEN THAN HOME-MADE!
MY GOODNESS! HOW DO THEY DO IT?

WE MAKE IT WITH "FRESH-PRESS" SALAD OIL!

Mayonnaise, you know, can only be as fresh as the salad oil used to make it. You can be sure "FRESH-PRESS" Salad Oil is fresh because we prepare it ourselves—fresh every day—just as it is needed! It goes into our double-whipper right away. There it is mixed with freshly broken, whole eggs, our own special blend of vinegars, and choicest spices. Nothing else. *No starchy fillers.* It's *all* mayonnaise! That's why our two brands of *Real* Mayonnaise (Best Foods in the West; Hellmann's in the East) taste so rich . . . so creamy . . . and so FRESH!

WE'VE BECOME A FAMILY OF SALAD FANS SINCE MY FRIEND TOLD ME ABOUT THIS REAL MAYONNAISE MADE WITH "FRESH-PRESS" SALAD OIL!
IT'S THE FRESHEST THERE IS! MADE FRESH EVERY DAY, TOO—AND RUSHED TO US BY SPEEDY TRUCK DELIVERY!

DUNK-IT SALAD

Here is a salad which little folks can manage with ease. It is perfectly proper to pick up the asparagus stalks, carrot wheels and tomato wedges, "dunk" them in the mayonnaise, and eat without benefit of salad fork.

• • •

18 stalks asparagus, cooked
3 small carrots, scraped
2 small tomatoes
Lettuce · Romaine
Parsley
Hellmann's or Best Foods *Real* Mayonnaise

• • •

Arrange 3 stalks of asparagus in a leaf of romaine on individual salad plates. Place wedges of tomato and slices of carrot in separate lettuce cups (see illustration) allowing 3 wedges of tomato and 7 slices of carrot to a service. Place *Real* Mayonnaise in a lettuce cup garnished with parsley. Serves 6.

BEST FOODS = HELLMANN'S

Real Mayonnaise

IN THE WEST ➡

⬅ IN THE EAST

BEFORE YOU BUY ANY REFRIGERATOR SEE THIS NEWEST SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT!

NOW on display at a showroom near you is a refrigerator of an entirely *new type*—a refrigerator which does *a great deal more* than just keep foods cold. It is the modern *air-conditioned* refrigerator—a remarkable scientific achievement, using ice in a completely *new way* to give completely new results.

In this new ice refrigerator, foods get *three-way* protection not available in any other type. They are guarded not only against spoilage, but also against rapid drying out and against the exchanging of flavors. Constantly cold, properly moist, clean-washed air keeps everything amazingly fresh and delicious. There is no need for covered dishes.

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Before you buy any refrigerator, be sure to get all the facts about this remarkable new ice refrigerator and about the easy terms on which it can be bought. See for yourself its beautiful design, its gleaming white finish, its glistening chromium fittings. Talk to your Ice Service Man—or 'phone your local Ice Company—today. Arrange to have one delivered for a *free trial* right in your own kitchen.

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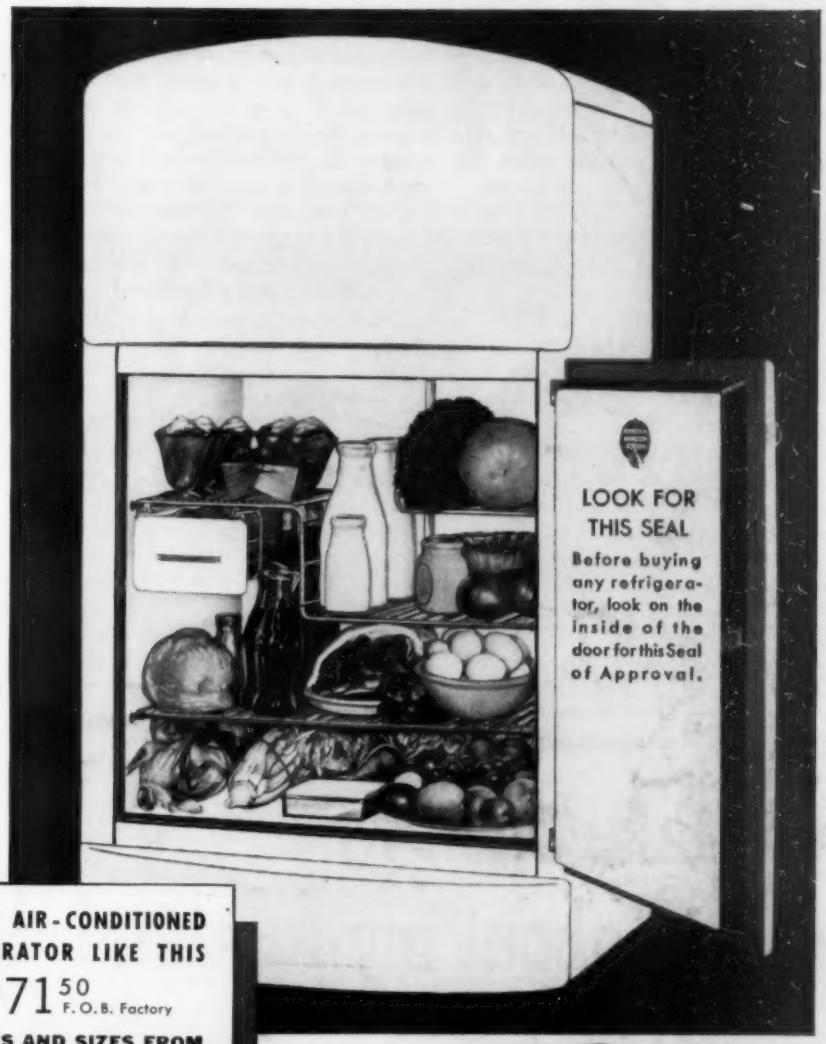

TESTED AND APPROVED
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LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

It is found *only* on genuine air-conditioned ice refrigerators which conform to standards of construction and performance established by the National Association of Ice Industries.

A BEAUTIFUL AIR-CONDITIONED ICE REFRIGERATOR LIKE THIS
ONLY $71.50 F. O. B. Factory
OTHER STYLES AND SIZES FROM $49.50 to $94.50

"And just think! I have modernized practically my entire kitchen with what I saved by buying a modern ice refrigerator."

No matter what type refrigerator you now have, an Ice Chest is handy for extra ice and foods. This one is only $10 F. O. B. Factory.

VEGETABLES STAY "GARDEN-FRESH"
In this modern air-conditioned ice refrigerator proper moisture protects them against rapid wilting, loss of flavor and nutrition.

PLENTY OF TASTE-FREE ICE CUBES
in 3 to 5 minutes—all you want, *when* you want them—crystal-clear, hard-frozen cubes that do not give beverages an "off taste."

REAL ICE CREAM, VELVET-SMOOTH
Pure, rich ice cream, free from crystals—you can prepare it in just a few minutes, have it all ready to serve in less than an hour.

Remember – Cold ALONE *is not enough!*

This Advertising is Sponsored by the Certified Members of the Ice Industries of the United States and Canada

LEARN ALL ABOUT THIS REMARKABLE NEW *Air-conditioned* REFRIGERATOR
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

National Association of Ice Industries,
228 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation send me full information about the modern ice refrigerator.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....*State*.....

America's favorite summer sport

[*Continued from page 13*]

a bargain, poring over boxes filled with odds and ends, pulling out drawers of old chests in order to examine the cabinetwork, going through piles of pictures (there may be an original; only the other day a Whistler etching turned up in such a way); lingering over tables laden with china and glass wares (there may be a rare find among the hodgepodge).

One lady tries all the chairs, à la Goldilocks. If you are after a chair be sure to examine its underpinnings before you bid. To your sorrow you may, too late, find it infested with woodrot, or with empty peg holes.

Quilts of intricate pattern form a gay background hung over a line between trees. A frieze of hooked rugs displays quaint designs; hanging crazily from a branch sways a mirror whose depths may have reflected many phases of life. Here is an old warming pan, andirons, and kettles; all manner of household articles, early and late. Standing against bureaus or chairs are portraits of forgotten faces—your chance to pick up a suitable ancestor. Yes, it is done. A friend was urged to buy in a beautiful portrait of a lady, history unknown, because she was the living image of it. Anyone unaware of its origin thinks it her grandmother, as it is dated by the mode of dress.

Out of all this conglomeration you may have set your heart and mind on a particular thing you hope to bid in. Maybe a piecrust table, on which to serve tea with your best luster cups and saucers. Or it is an old flower print, or a Toby jug? Maybe it is a carriage lamp you will wire for electricity. Whatever it is you want, heaven help you if you have not set as a price limit its worth to you in hard cash. No matter how great the temptation, no matter how incensed you may become by an opposing bidder, it is never worth while to bid beyond the amount that common sense dictates.

Here is a teapot that looks Chelsea. Well, maybe. But do you want it for use—it has a deep crack—or as an addition to a collection? This chair is very old, but do those worm holes spell trouble as well as age? Look, see, and later, listen to the auctioneer.

Antiques of the eighteenth century are rare finds today at any summer auction. Of course authentic chests of drawers, tables, and chairs may be picked up now and then, but during the past few years an increasing amount of Victorian stuff, frankly sold as such, passes into the hands of the ignorant as antique. When my husband and I discarded a lot of Victorian hand-me-downs at the beginning of the century I scoffed his prediction that one day in our own lifetime they would be sold as antiques. Like everything else, there is a choice, and some of the Victorian of the early period has a distinct value.

Now the auctioneer takes his place on an improvised dais. The "block" itself may be a table or chest, later to fall under the hammer. A hooked rug, likely as not, lies under his chair, which in turn may be quasi-Hitchcock, or a really fine old fiddleback of fruitwood. (Some of the dealers pronounce it frutwood!)

The auctioneer himself may make or break an auction. If he is a man of integrity, whose word is as good as his bond, if he knows his goods, has a fine sense of humor and is not too suave, he commands a following. Such a man, with his knowledge of antiques and values, will not pass off a piece under false representation. Keep your ears open; throughout his patter he will drop hints to enlighten the unwary. Unstinting praise for the authentic, but his banter, a mild good-humored razzing, will settle the value of the less- or ill-deserving. Even so, some trivial things are bid in at too high a figure while a fine piece will sell too low.

Out of all this welter of things good, bad, and indifferent, many a summer cottage will be refurbished, or a collector made happy by a find. You may bid in at a giveaway figure or pay too much. Safe to say, at least, that all the goods will be sold. An auction is a gamble and it is an instinct to take a chance; and human to be blinded to real values by a display of enthusiasm.

The auctioneer raps for attention. The milling-about lessens as every one commences to settle down on the camp chairs or upon any convenient perch—chests, old sofas (without springs), piles of rugs. Children form a sort of gallery. Not as noisy as you might think, but absorbed onlookers who may do some bidding on their own. That boy over there has an eye on an old pistol; another yens for a brace of stuffed birds. In the background is a fringe of auction followers—the dealers after their own interests, out to bid on a particular piece for a good customer. Here you will find young couples who seek household bargains with which to help feather their nests. Elderly couples are always present who wish to add to collections, maybe looking for a blanket chest for an Early American house, or a bit of pattern glass for a corner cupboard.

Take back what you said about my Mother!
Fighting again! Upstairs to bed with you young man!
I don't care what Bill says—I'll never fight for you again!
For me, Tommy? Why? What did Billy say?
Gee, mom, I hate to tell—Bill said his mother says you've got bad breath and everyone in town knows it 'cept you. She says nobody invites you any place 'cause you don't know enough to use Listerine!
NEVER TOO LATE—
No wonder I thought this an unfriendly town—and it's all my fault! I hope it's not too late to make friends now that I'm using Listerine.

Don't guess about *your* breath—Play Safe!

If you guess—you may be offending others right this minute with halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do and avoid you.

Don't take a chance of offending! Sweeten your breath by rinsing your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. Your mouth is refreshed and clean feeling and your breath is sweeter, more fragrant, more wholesome.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before social or business engagements. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

THE AMERICAN HOME, July, 1938. Published monthly, Vol XX, No. 2. Published by the Country Life-American Home Corp., 444 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription price $1.00 a year. Three years, $2.00; Foreign postage $1.00 per year extra. Entered as second class matter December 31, 1935, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under act of Congress, March 2, 1879.

There in a corner sits a gentleman waiting for a rose-wood liqueur cabinet to go up; in the meanwhile he is busy with pencil on flapping proof sheets. Young matrons, trim in knit togs and flats, using cigarettes as a gesture, have a period in mind, or want a bit of color for atmosphere. Somewhere in the audience is sure to be the well-corseted lady who periodically looks over a high bust at her inevitable knitting. Someone always has a dog, generally of the long-haired breed that patiently submits to being tethered to a chair.

The townspeople happen in; they enjoy a chuckle over people making fools of themselves. The joke is when they go away with a load of bargains.

"What am I bid? What am I bid, I say?"

KEEP your eyebrows, your facial muscles, your hands, under control or you will upset a bid, unless you like to have wished upon you something you did not bid upon. One day a very nice candlestand brought strong bidding, but finally the dealers dropped out and the bids seemed to lie between two very persistent ladies. The bidding really went beyond bounds but finally one of the ladies, gave up, exhausted as well as exasperated.

"Going, going, third and last call—gone to the lady in the last row." A very surprised lady was she for she hadn't bid at all. She was too intent upon her needlepoint even to raise her eyes, but she had raised her hand with each stitch. The auctioneer then and there gave a little lecture, without benefit of a curtain.

The play of human emotions is often very interesting. There is the thwarted lady who can't take it; the man suspicious of everything put up; the lady who expects favors; the disappointed couple trying to make the best of it.

One of the nicest things about an auction in the country is the noon recess, or the "nooning" as the natives have it. The most delicious tasting food-of-sorts is served over a makeshift counter in a shady corner, on a porch, or under a spreading tree. Generally a home-baker, noted in the village for her good cooking, has the concession. The menu is limited but everything is appetizing. As the saying goes, one's eyes are apt to be larger than one's stomach. Everyone overloads his plate but everything is eaten. Surely sandwiches and coffee, the wedges of homemade pie and cake, have not tasted like this since childhood.

When an auction is held to settle an estate, especially if it be an old homestead, there is a chance to pick up authentic antiques that have long been family heirlooms. These treasures now coming to the light of day, bring out the antique hounds and the dealers. They are Johnny-on-the-spot to take the cream. They will ask for the best pieces to be put up early and the bidding sometimes goes high. In this wise a fine chest of drawers, an early table, authentic old chairs, all worthy examples of the eighteenth century cabinetmakers, come into the public market place.

If you are not a successful bidder—a long coveted canopy bed may have gone to another, or the glass hand lamp you wanted for the country dressing table—just remember there will be other auctions, and yet others. The prize may again turn up.

One man was anxious to acquire a seaman's chest to use as a woodbox in his week-end retreat. But he had set a price limit and always the bids went too high for him to follow. Behold, this summer he was fortunate enough to attend an auction where no one else wanted the fine example of chest put up on the block. He made the original bid and the only bid. The chest was knocked down to him for a fraction of the amount he had set as his limit.

A neighbor of mine had been sighing for a sleigh to give additional atmosphere to her restored and amusing old barn. One summer she had picked up a string of cheerfully melodious sleigh bells, costing ten cents. Nothing would stop her until she had the sleigh itself. Attending an auction this year and seeing nothing she cared to bid upon, she left at the noon recess. A friend asked if there was anything she would like him to bid in for her.

"Not unless they put up a sleigh," she said laughingly.

"How much would you pay?"

"Twenty-five cents!" was her retort, making an exit on that.

The joke was on her for they did put up a sleigh and a very nice one at that. The next day, to her utter amazement, her friend drove into the yard with the sleigh trailing after.

"Whatever did you have to pay?" she gasped.

"Twenty-five cents!"

So it goes. A game of chance.

Which do you allow?

[*Continued from page 41*]

relationship to the town and countryside they serve is undoubtedly Williamsburg in Virginia. Here from the most elaborate in its frame of wrought-iron filigree atop the village bank, to the simplest placards for the little shops, all are a delightful revelation of what signs can do to help make a community pleasanter to live in, to visit, or merely to pass through.

WIFE WINS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Her battle started the day her honeymoon was over. She couldn't keep her hands nice—washing dishes 3 times a day! Strong chips and powders coarsened and roughened them so. But now she's learned, like *thousands* of happy women, that Ivory Soap for dishes protects hands—keeps them feeling smoother, softer, more romantic. After 2 weeks of Ivory Soap—and *only* Ivory—in her dishpan, she saw a real improvement in her hands.

Now her husband admires them again, just as he did when they were sweethearts . . . Why don't *you* try this easy way to conquer *your* battle with "Dishpan Hands?" Wash dishes with gentle Ivory, so pure that doctors advise it for babies' sensitive skins. Yet "Large-Size" Ivory costs *less* than strong granulated soaps—about 1c a day for *all* your dishwashing—3 times a day! So change to Ivory for dishes today. See your hands improve.

HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE IN 15 YEARS

IT MAKES no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were.

Now, by merely following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, *you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.*

Not only that, but if you should die *before* that time, we would pay your wife a monthly income as long as she lives. Or, if you should be totally disabled for six months or more, you would not be expected to pay any premiums that fall due while you were disabled, and you would receive a disability income besides!

$1800 a Year beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on $150 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

1. A check for $150 when you reach 55 and a check for $150 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

2. A life income for your wife if you die before age 55.

3. A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for six months or more.

It sounds too good to be true. But it is true, for the Plan is guaranteed by a reliable old company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force.

If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from monev worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $150 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

What does it cost? We can tell you as soon as we know your age, how much income you want and how soon you plan to retire. In the long run, the Plan usually costs nothing, because in most cases you get your money back —and more—at retirement age.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown below. It tells you all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan and how it works. Send for your copy now. The coupon is for your convenience.

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Please send me by mail, without obligation, your book describing the PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT PLAN.

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BUILDERS SPECIFY

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Let your Gas Company or Dealer tell you how gas appliances can add to comfort and cut costs in your home. Look for this Seal of Approval of the Testing Laboratories of the American Gas Association when you buy gas equipment. Appliances bearing this seal comply with national requirements for safety, durability and efficiency.

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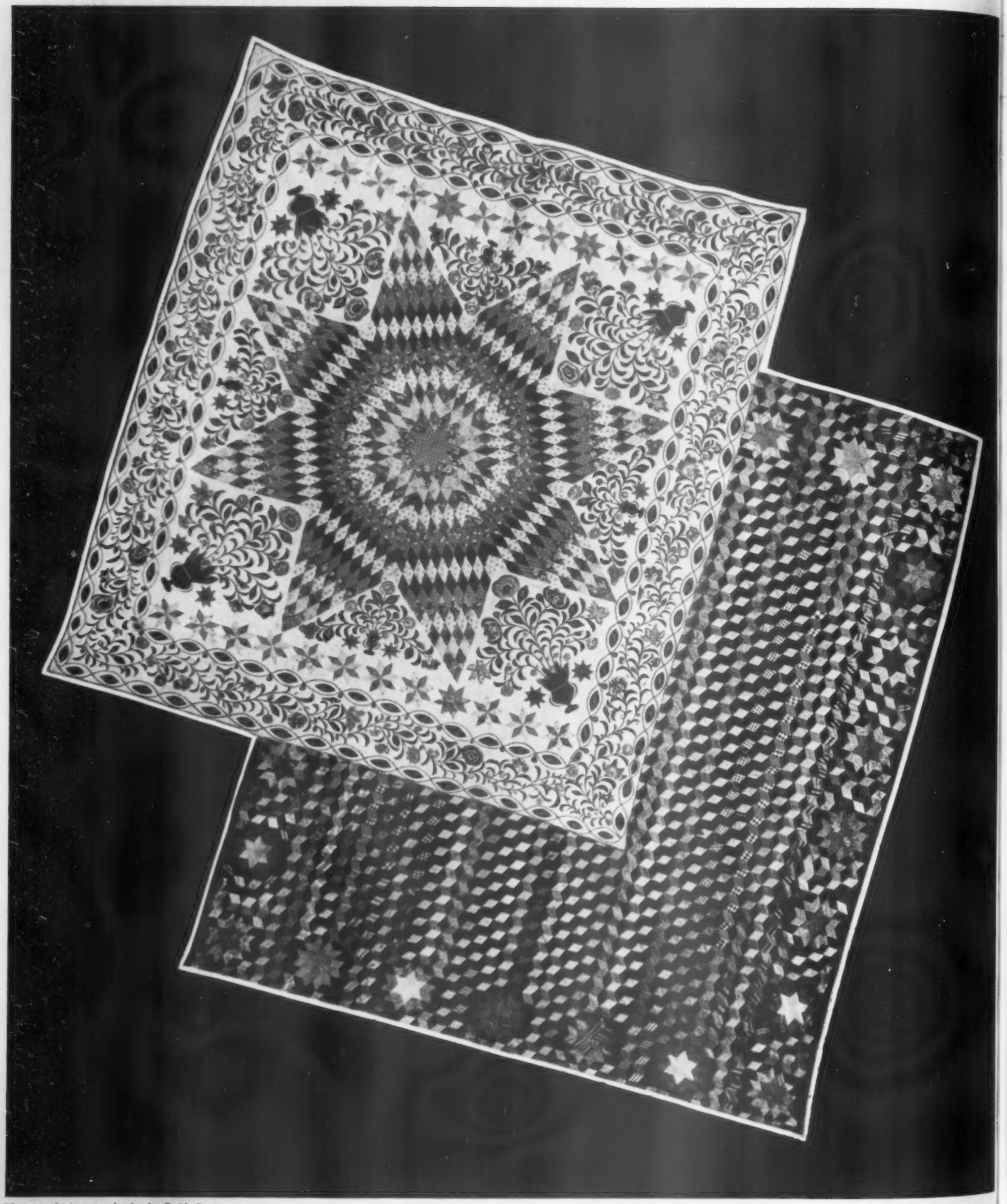
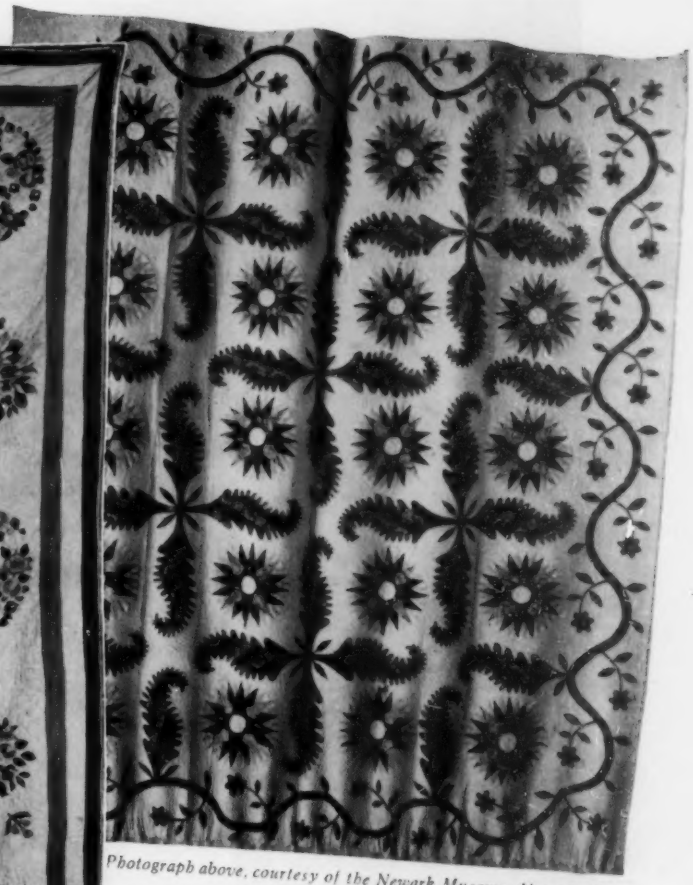


Photographs in natural color by F. M. Demarest

Top: The Bride's Quilt of Mary Ann Dubois—signed, dated 1835, and patterned after famous original conception of the Star of Bethlehem or Rising Sun design created in 1810 by her aunt, Mary Totten, of Staten Island. It is owned by Miss Ella Butler. Lower quilt: Baby's Building Blocks Quilt made in Devonshire, England, in early nineteenth century. Often this was called cube work. Here scintillant silk and satin create bright, arresting beauty. Courtesy of the Newark Museum in Newark, N. J.



Photograph above, courtesy of the Newark Museum, Newark, N. J.

Photograph above by Index of American Design Art Service Project W.P.A.

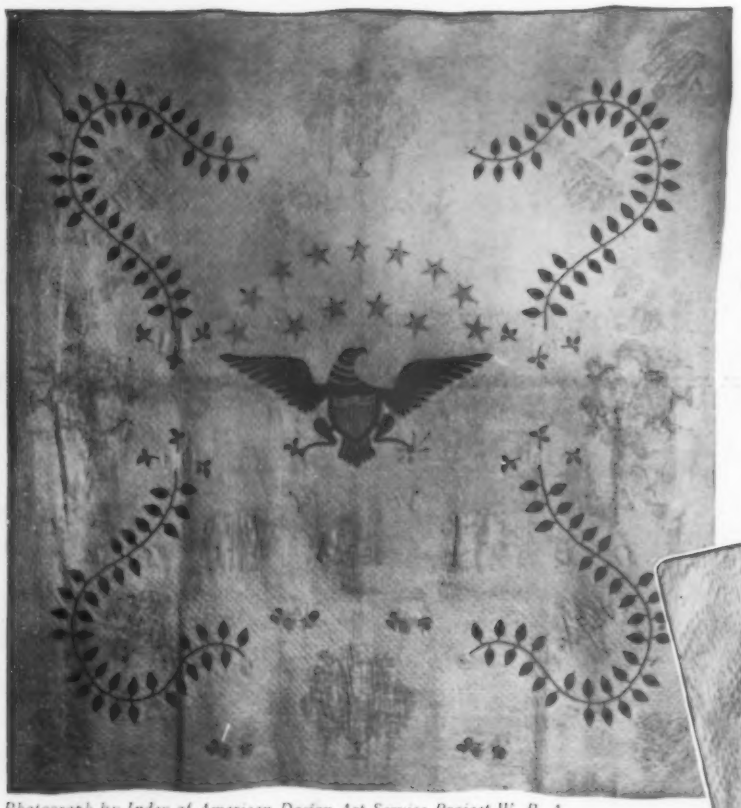
Old Quilts tell a story

FLORENCE PETO

Top: The Baltimore Bride's Quilt, of album or friendship variety having blocks autographed, demonstrates a peak for elaborate, yet beautiful needlework. Made in Baltimore, Md., 1851-52. Natural flower colors used. Courtesy of Mrs. Lawrence Ullman. Above: Magnificent central motif from Baltimore Bride's Quilt. Top right: Princess Feather and Compass in Newark Museum, and made by donor's grandmother and great aunts in 1835

HAVE you a patchwork quilt made by your grandmother, or by her mother? What do you know about it? How many times the writer has heard the expression—"I wish I had asked Mother about this quilt!" For the ones who can tell the story are passing on and the quilts are not everlasting. The magnitude of the patchwork quilt as a work of art may be controversial, but its importance as a family document cannot be questioned. Look at your Rising Sun or Old Dutch Tulip, not as just another piece of needlework, however amazing its stitchery, but as a relic of the past which, carefully examined, will vitalize the personality of the maker and may reflect the influences, surroundings, and circumstances under which she lived and loved and plied her diligent needle.

For several years the writer has been collecting data and photographs of early American bed coverings—quilts, spreads, and woven coverlets. While beauty was important, they were selected primarily for interest in their historical and biographical backgrounds. It was woman's job to spin and weave, save scraps and sew. Frequently her imagination was stimulated to creative effort; designs were born which often were crude but usually vigorous and vital. A large percentage of the pieced blocks, being divisions of a square or sections of a circle, were geometric in composition and many of them must be as old as geometry itself. It has been said that men, better informed on mathematics, adapted geometrical diagrams to workable patterns for their womenfolk, but, in developing patterns, it is known that women could and did employ methods which answered the same purpose. Deftly folded pieces of paper and skillfully wielded scissors were the answer to our quiltmaking foremothers' need for triangles, diamonds, and five-, six-, and eight-pointed stars. Scientific-minded or not; she found a way. Also, variation in the simple



Photograph by Index of American Design Art Service Project W. P. A.

A Liberty Quilt (left) made by Hannah Childs Wood of Warren, R. I., when Congress adopted the eagle device on the U. S. A. Great Seal in 1782, is one of oldest and most exquisite extant American quilts. Owner, Mrs. A. Lindstrom

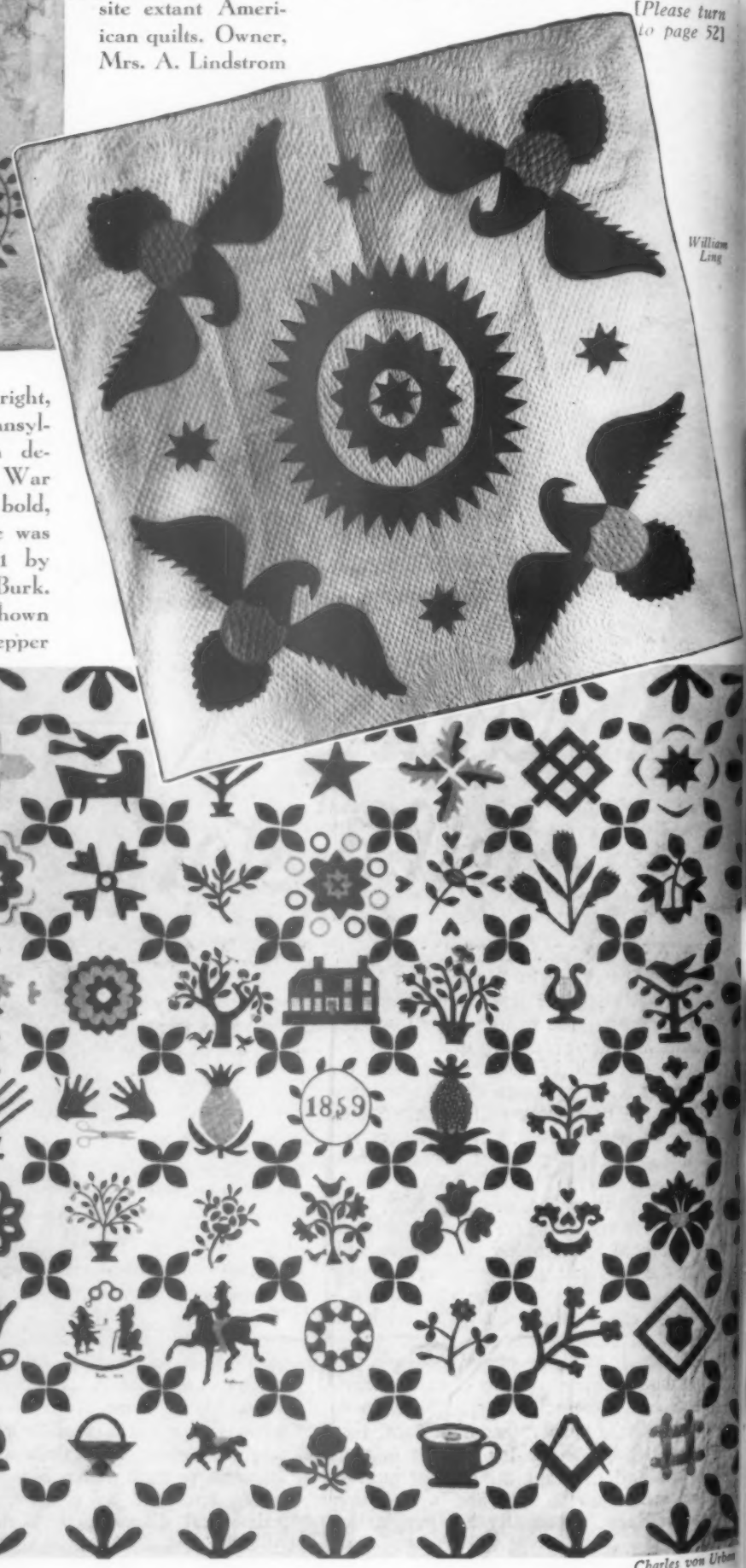
pieced four-patch or nine-patch was fairly easy, but eventually appeared more intricate mosaics, composed of diamond, triangle, and hexagonal units, which, we have no doubt, were the result of many patient hours of extensive experimentation.

Certain traditional units and motifs of design were often employed which obviously have had their origins in antiquity, neither the American quiltmaker nor her presumably more inventive spouse having created them.

It was in the field of appliqué or "laid-on" work that the greatest opportunity was offered for originality and for practically limitless good and bad effects from an artistic point of view. Sometimes the early quiltmaker achieved beauty through slow, back-breaking, eye-straining toil by taking one incredibly tiny stitch after another, spacing each with mechanical precision until a quilted pattern emerged as delicate and elegant as a piece of rare lace. In style, quilts run the gamut from those all-white quilted or French-knotted examples which show sheer technical perfection and good taste, through those pieces whose dramatic vividness demands the background of massive mahogany four-posters, if they are not to overpower everything else in the room, thence to quilts whose names, such as Liberty Quilt or Slave Chain, project an impassioned patriotism or partisan politics, coming finally to those pieces made so obviously because they were really fun to do!

An Album quilt, which reached a peak in elaborate design while still retaining the elements of good taste, is exemplified in The Baltimore Bride's Quilt, an autographed composition comprised of twenty-five appliquéd blocks, each different, yet with balance maintained, exquisite and even inspired workmanship employed, and brilliant but harmonious coloring used. From graceful baskets and horns of plenty pour forth flowers and fruits in luxurious profusion, while appealing birds and whimsical dogs seem to have been executed with deliberate humor. Instead of the more common use of embroidered stitches to indicate realistic details, India ink has been delicately and artistically applied. In no sense is there a feeling of over-ornamentation—an effect which easily might have resulted from the assembling of so elaborate a piece of needlework. Though each block carries a dif-

[Please turn to page 52]



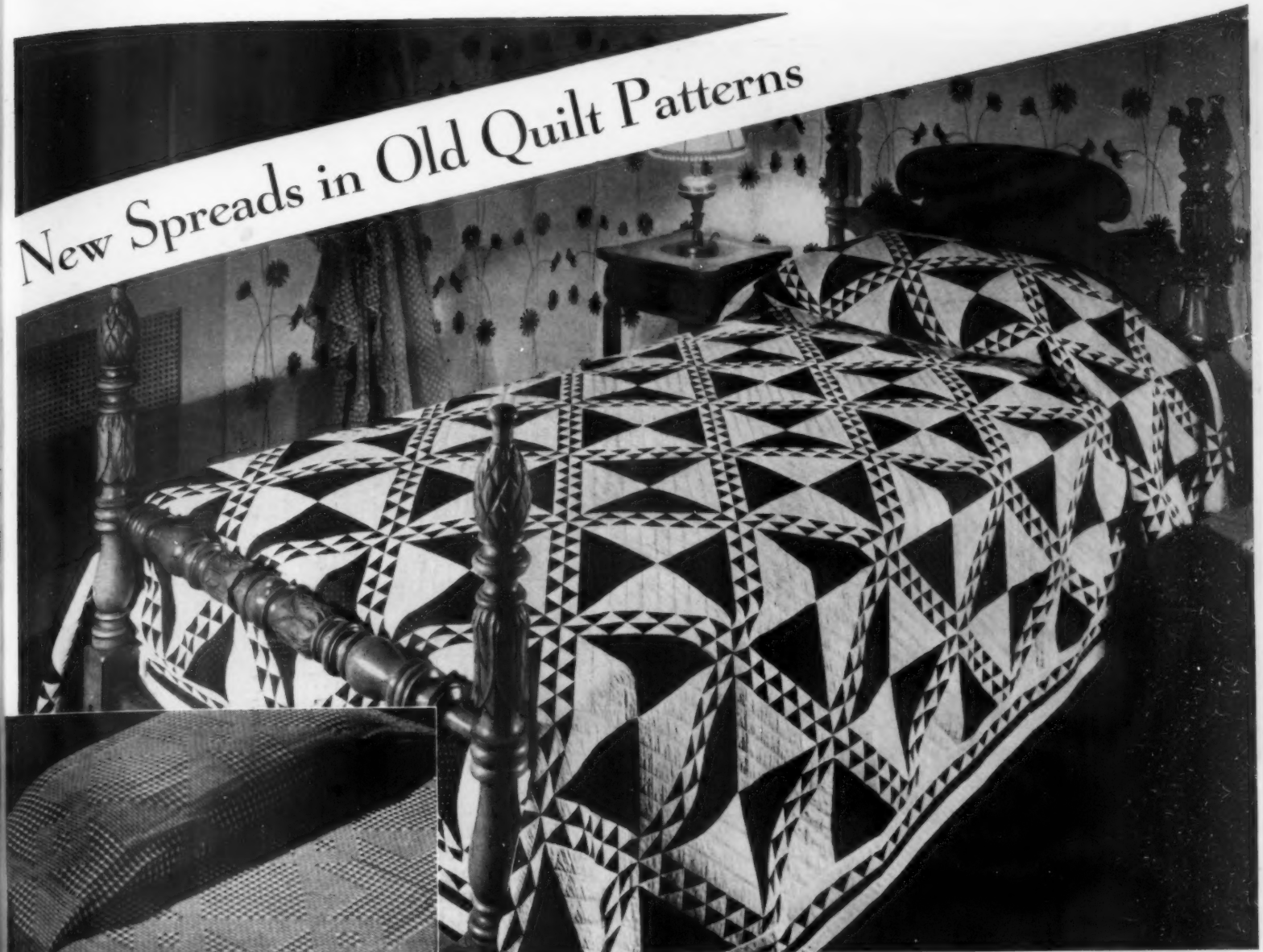
William Ling

Union Quilt, right, is typical Pennsylvania-German design of Civil War period. This bold, vivid example was made c. 1861 by Mrs. Charles Burk. Owned and shown by Mrs. C. Knepper

The Housman Family of Staten Island, whose Dutch ancestors settled there in 1675, inherited this merry quilt, which is pictured here at right. Courtesy of Mrs. Frank Carroll. Major colors are red, green, and orange

Charles von Urban

New Spreads in Old Quilt Patterns



ALL FURNITURE, CHARAK FURNITURE COMPANY

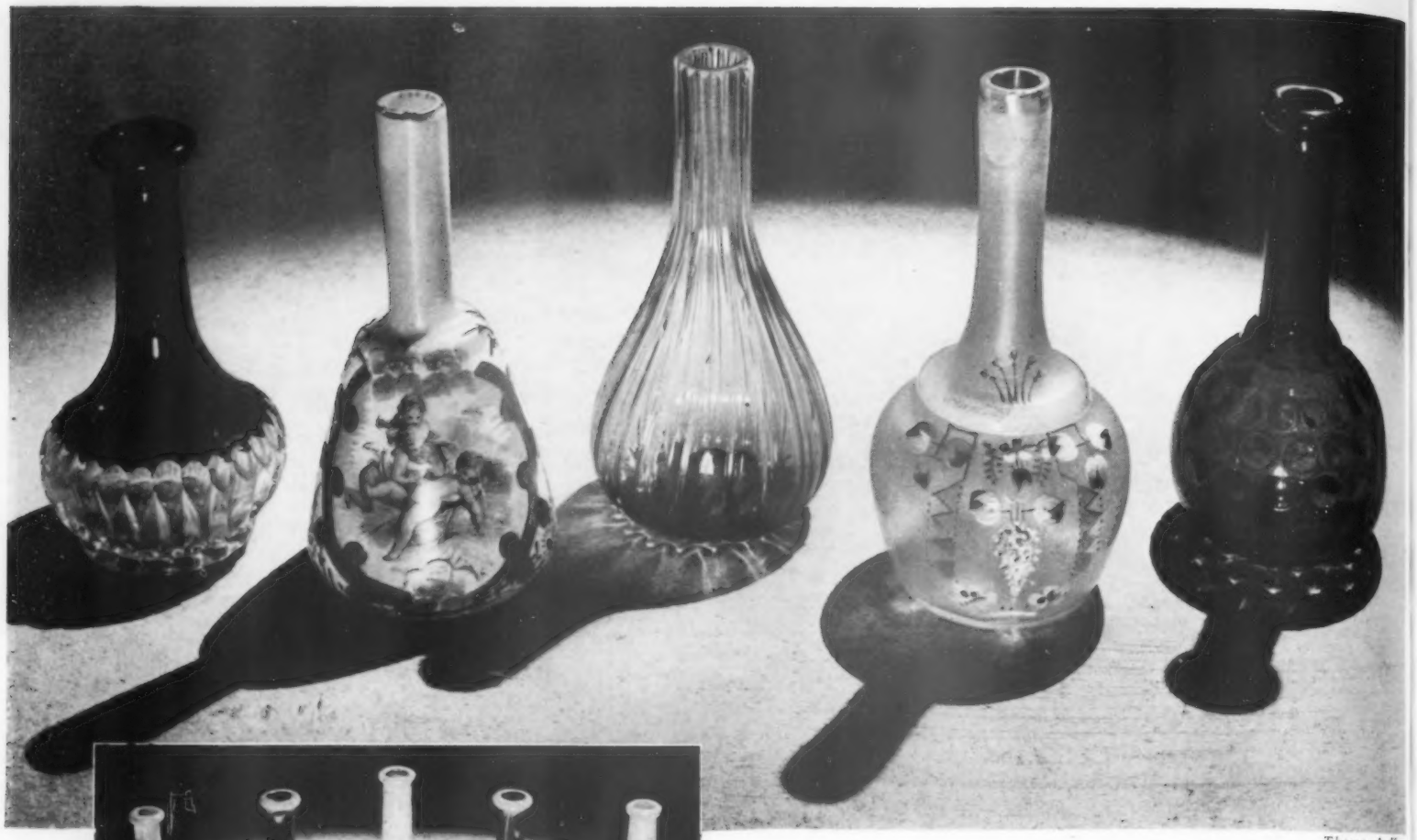
Not everyone is fortunate enough to have inherited from grandmothers and great aunts the old things instinctively loved and appreciated; nor does everyone have the time to tour the country looking for antiques. But you can go into your favorite store and find bedspreads copied exactly from the quilts made by hand many years ago in the colors you wish today.

One good reproduction, made of double fabric of the same quality as the original, is the loom-quilted Bates spread at the top of the page. It comes in six colors, including old red and dark blue, each combined with white.

A variant of the star motif is incorporated in "Norwich," a spread (shown at left) by Monument Mills, in pastels or strong colors.

[*Please turn to page 56*]

F. M. Demarest



Thomas A. Kirs

Barbers' Bottles Recommended

EDITH COLLEY

INTERESTING but rather elusive items to collect in western Missouri are barbers' bottles, those quite ornate containers for hair tonics, bay rum, and lotion which ornamented the shelves of the well-equipped barber shop in the 'Eighties and on into the "Gay 'Nineties."

Women were not supposed to know much about the interior of barber shops in those days. The writer recalls distinctly that as a young girl she always held her head stiffly erect and her eyes strictly to the front while passing one of those shops, especially if it might be suspected that a young man of her acquaintance were tonsorially occupied within at the time.

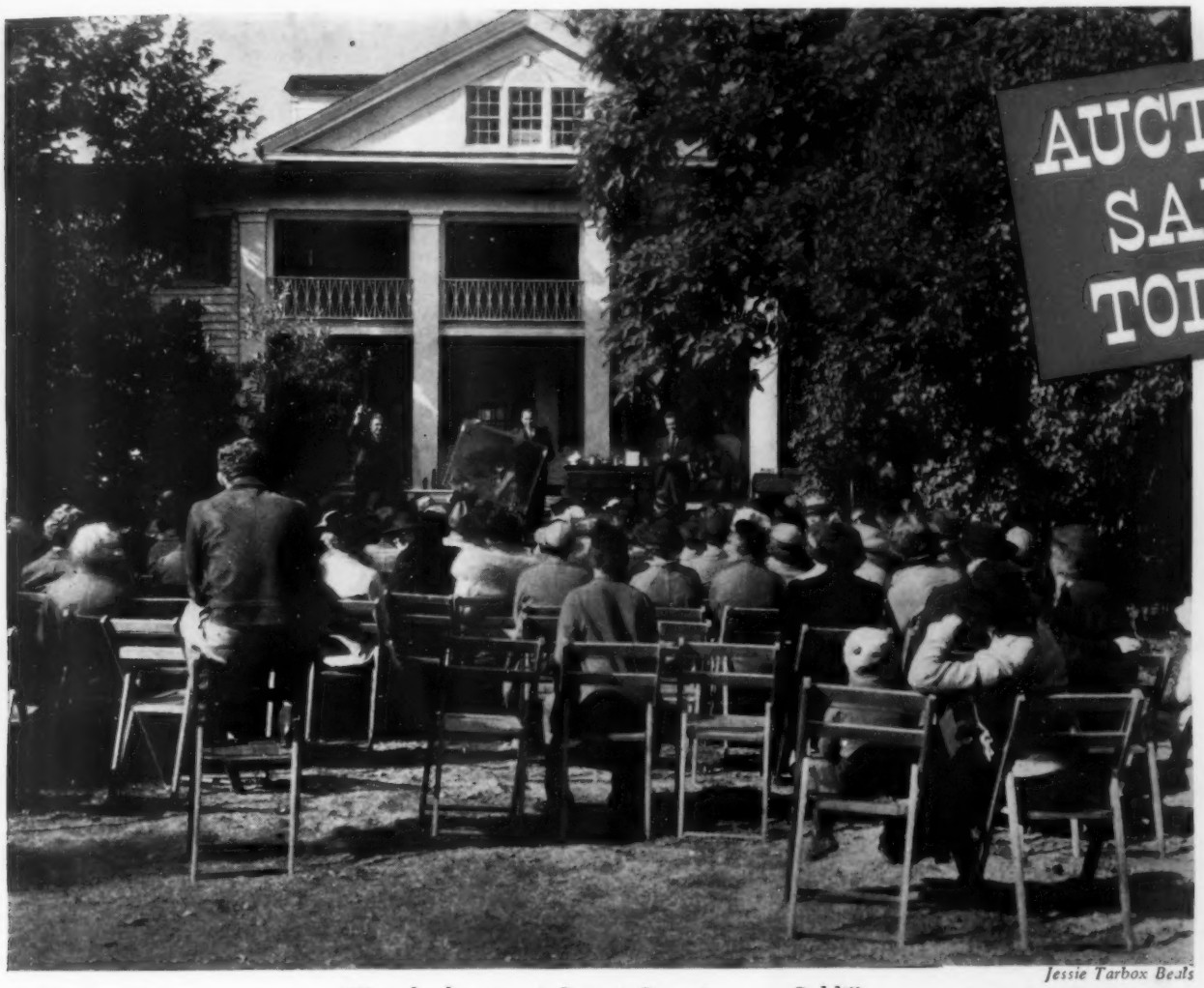
A toss of the head and a swish of the skirt were permissible, if it were thought that he might be in one of the chairs near the window. As memory recalls, too, many of the shops had curtains over part of the window, so that it was difficult to see inside without deliberately staring—which, of course, heaven forbid!

Consequently the full glory of these brightly colored and handsomely decorated bottles burst on our view quite suddenly not so very many years ago. In fact, our whole interest in antiques dates but a few years back. (The "we" and "our" include the writer's husband, who shares rather intermittently and sometimes reluctantly her interest in antiques.) Now, however, we have a nice little collection of forty-three bottles, with additions momentarily expected, for we never enter an antique shop without asking for barbers' bottles. The truth is, however, that we very rarely find many on display in this part of the country, although our whole collection has been picked up around here, one or two at a time.

An exception to the above statement should be made. We did secure several of our bottles from a

[*Please turn to page 55*]

Top: Miscellaneous group—ruby, cupids, shaded cranberry, heavy enamel, inverted thumbprint cranberry. Center: Overlay and milk glass. Right: Cameo, enamel, gold leaf



Jessie Tarbox Beals

"For the last time! Going! Going! . . . . . Sold!"

HELENE LUMPKIN

America's Favorite Summer Sport

"COME on, go with us to the auction!" This is a call not to be denied. Given a summer's day, a friend with whom to share the spirit of holiday, and an auction the goal, what chance has dull care? Duties can wait, but not opportunity.

Of course, you skip into the house to change from house dress or gardening togs. Already you thrill in anticipation, for it is going to be fun. Before racing out to the waiting car be sure to put some cash or your checkbook into your purse. And while you are about it, throw discretion to the winds. Don't tell me you won't succumb to the bidding fever. You'll be a very rare exception if you don't.

Just as typically American as our usage of the word fun—we are always having great fun doing this or that—is the scene of the summer auction. Sometimes it is held in a house, a home where an estate is to be settled, or maybe in the open, shaded by a friendly tree, often under spreading canvas. Wherever flies the red flag of the auctioneer is bound to be a strategic point where a typically curious crowd will be attracted.

There will be all sorts and conditions of people as varied as the make and vintage of their cars. Among them will be summer people from near-by resorts and colonies; passing tourists who are attracted by the ballyhoo; antique questers nosing out finds; dealers from large cities who may be consigners or buyers at bargain prices.

They come rolling up to park along the highway; limousines, chauffeur driven, cheek by jowl to humble small cars; old or new, imposing or unkempt, everyone out for a picnic—and a bargain.

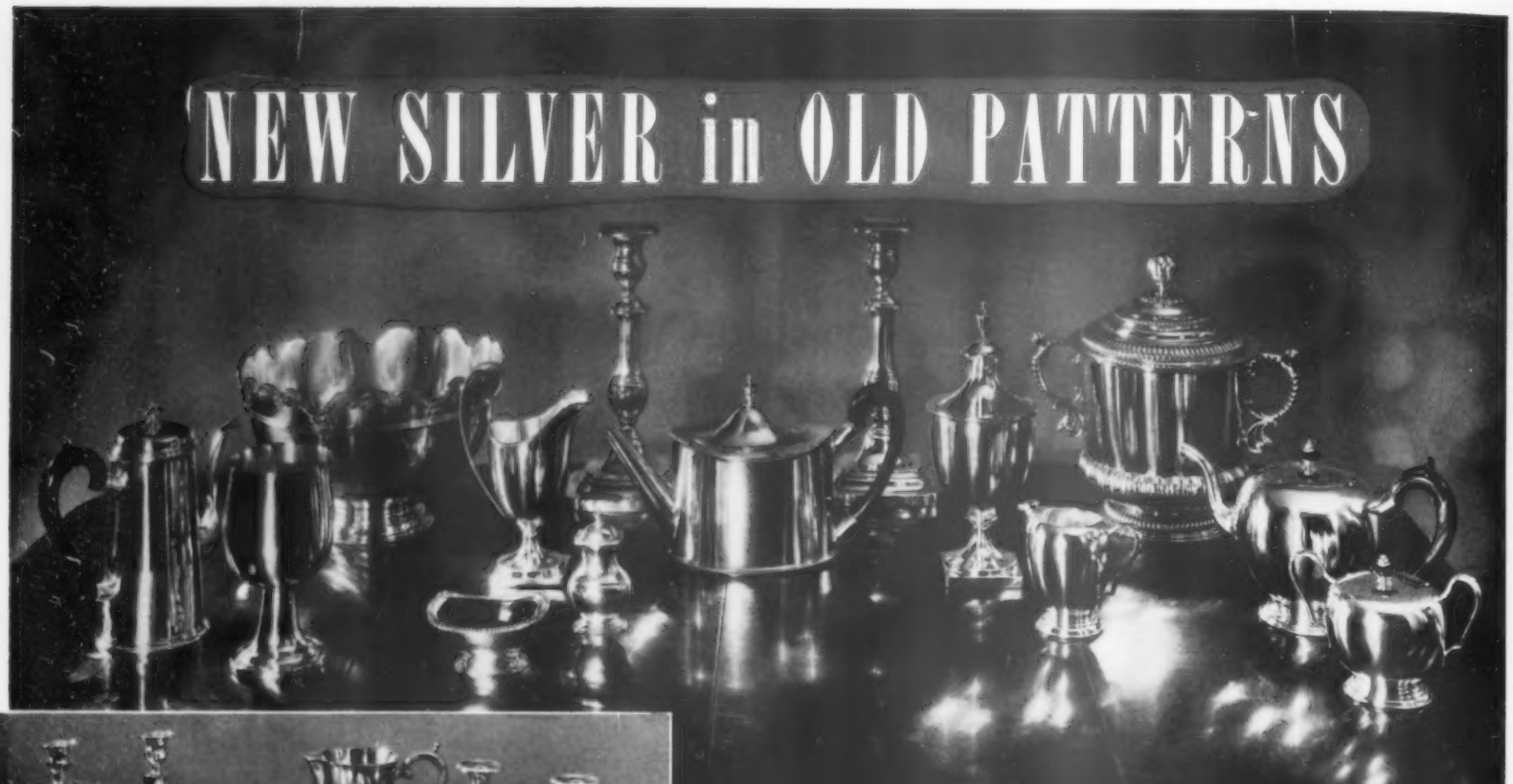
Besides, a good show will be put on, one that is different. For one thing, this audience you see drifting in is the cast for the play to be enacted; all the goods to go under the hammer are the properties. It is sure to be a comedy. You will laugh at the other fellow for bidding in such queer objects (whatever can he want with them?), but he will laugh at you for the same reason.

Folding chairs are provided but no one settles down until the goods have been looked over. We poke about in hope of turning up

[*Please turn to page 41*

Young and old lean forward in their chairs, out for a bargain and a good time; as the auctioneer takes his stand on an improvised stage, bidding begins and the show goes on

NEW SILVER in OLD PATTERNS



F. M. Demarest

The pierced gallery tray in the group above, is one of the most interesting reproductions made by Gorham, who also have the gravy boat, cream and sugar, and pitcher. Candlesticks (right) are matched with a finely engraved bowl. Rogers, Lunt & Bowlen. The candlesticks (left) and salt and pepper are worthy pieces from Reed & Barton

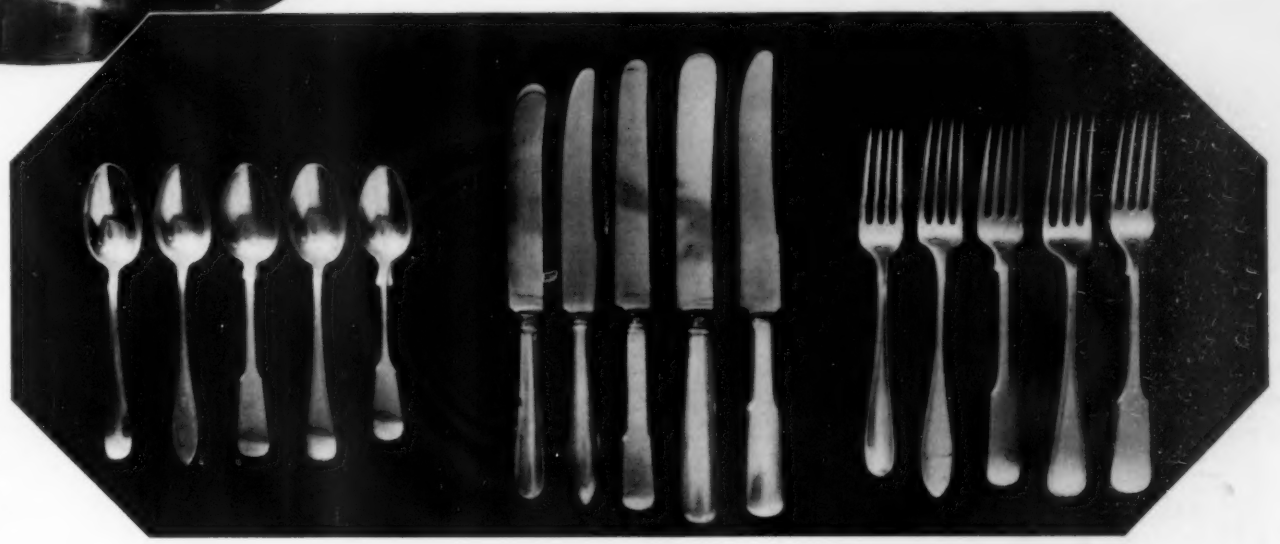
AMERICAN silver has a glorious tradition. Colonial and Post-Revolutionary craftsmen imparted a native superiority to their wares that for all time connotes perfection of form and design. Twentieth century silversmiths, proud of their profession's honorable past, are therefore happy to present appreciative Americans with those historic items which are useful in fashionable homes today, of the same elegance and substantial quality as is found in old silver.

The ceremony of dining is never so admirable as when accompanied by fine table ornaments of silver such as a group of candlesticks or a solid centerpiece; too, the decorative charm of spoons, forks, and knives is superlative if used in a room furnished in the identical period. Giving unrivaled pleasure is the bride's possession of graceful vessels for occasional use such as coffee and chocolate pots, a tea service, entrée dishes, and the like.

That the old masters have left their mark on today's sterling is well shown in the collection above. Among the pieces are a large bowl, after Daniel Henchman, 1730-1775; a coffeepot (center) after a design by Daniel Van Voorhis, about 1795; a cider goblet, (left) reproduced from a Wm. Moulton design; and a teapot (right) copied from a Jacob Hurd original, 1702-1758. International Silver Co.

While the original designers did not always create cream pitcher and sugar bowl to match coffee- and teapots, Gorham has brought out matching pieces in a fine reproduction. The plate, with very shallow pedestal, and open salt and pepper are also Gorham pieces. Reed & Barton have copied a fine original in a cream pitcher and sugar bowl, shown at the left. A pie-crust tray, porringer, and open salt and pepper, right, are among the handsome reproductions offered by Watson Co.

The designs of Paul Revere are perhaps the best known of any of the old silversmiths. Reed & Barton show two of them, the bowl and pitcher, in the photograph on the left



Those who have not been so fortunate as to inherit fine old family silver can still own the same styles. Five authentic patterns are shown. From left to right, in each group, are Gorham's "Dolly Madison"; the "Lafayette" pattern by Towle; the "Colonial Fiddle" by Watson; Reed & Barton's feather-edge pattern; and International's "1810" design

KATHRYN C. BUHLER

Boston's Heritage is SILVER

The tray with enriched border and coat-of-arms, at the left, is by Paul Revere. Below it, at left, a chocolate pot made by John Coney. At the right are a caster and salt

IN THE realm of early American craftsmanship, the silversmiths plied their trade with undeniable skill, following the fashions prevalent in their native countries. However difficult it may be to reconcile the existence of finely wrought silver with our conception of the early settlers' hardships and simple homesteads, there nevertheless exist today many examples of the craftsmanship of two silversmiths who were working in Boston in the mid-seventeenth century — Robert Sanderson and John Hull; and records prove that another silversmith had journeyed to the new land as early as 1634. Sanderson, a London-trained goldsmith (as workers in precious metals were usually termed), had settled in Hampton, New Hampshire, in 1638. Hull, born in England in 1624, had come as a child to Boston where, as he recorded in his diary, with the help of his half-brother he "fell to learning . . . and to practising the trade of a goldsmith, and, through God's help, obtained that ability in it, as I was able to get my living by it."

Craftsmen in all trades necessary to build and furnish the settlers' homes were among the early immigrants, but only the silversmiths seem not to have been hampered by working conditions in the new land; and they alone fashioned their wares with a skill equal to that of their English brethren. Economic considerations encouraged their craft, for banks were unknown in which to safeguard the silver coins obtained in the extensive shipping trade; and one indulged in the luxury of finely wrought domestic plate wisely, since it was both easier to keep than a bag full of coins, and to identify in case of loss or theft. Likewise, alas from our point of view, it could be readily melted to restore to currency if need arose. That our silversmiths, like their colleagues in England, were nevertheless willing to undertake banking duties seems indicated by the inventory of an estate in 1667 which includes "in money at John Hulls— £68-8-2."

In 1652, to quote again from John Hull's diary, "upon occasion of much counterfeit coin brought into the country, and much loss accruing in that respect (and that did occasion a stoppage of trade) the General Court ordered a mint to be set up. . . . And they made choice of me for that employment; and I chose my friend, Robert Sanderson, to be my partner, to which the Court consented." The best known of their coins are the "pine tree shillings" and their partnership extended to their silversmithing.

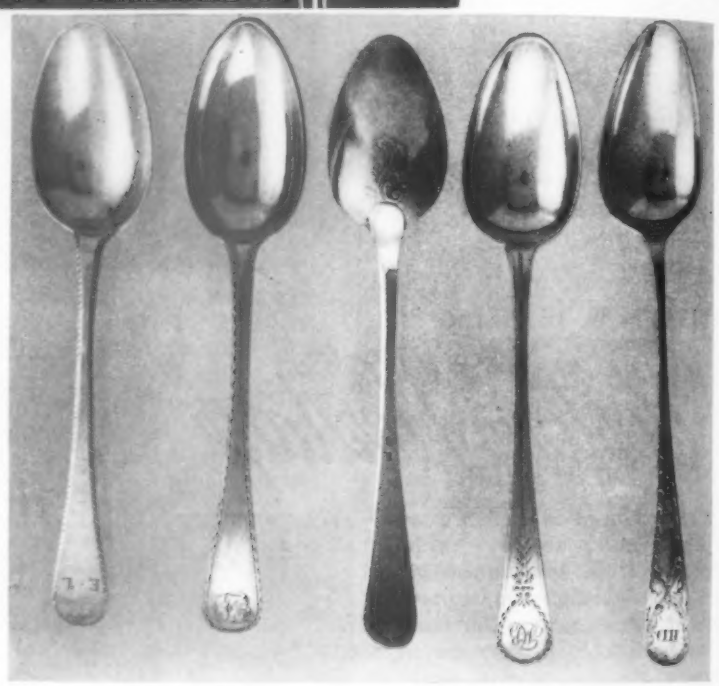
From this decade there are records of goldsmiths' apprenticeships in the new country; and in the ensuing 150 years Boston alone was to have more than that number of silversmiths to serve her citizens; and smaller towns a considerable number to supply local needs. At a Boston Town Meeting of 1660 it was "ordered that no person shall henceforth open a shop in this town, nor occupy any place of manufacture or science, till he hath completed 21 years of age, nor except hee hath served seven years Apprenticeship, by testimony under the hands of sufficient witnesses," but further legislation in the goldsmiths' craft appears to have been left to public opinion. A lad was usually fourteen when he was bound, under a contract signed by his parents or guardian, to a master craftsman to learn a trade.

The distinguished silver collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, proves the perfection achieved at the very start, for it possesses work of early craftsmen: Hull and Sanderson; Jeremiah Dummer, apprenticed to them in 1659; Timothy Dwight, who died in 1691; and John Coney, (1655-1722). The last-named fashioned the sugar box whose intricate detail perhaps explains the twenty-two "anvils of various sorts" and "112

Photographs courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Based on an eighteenth century painting is this very charming tea table group of about 1740, shown above. Authentic in every small detail, the separate tripod table for the teakettle and the handleless teacups are especially interesting. Everything is from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Increasingly popular in the eighteenth century were gravy-boats like the one by Paul Revere, 1725-1818 with open handle and shell feet, made for Zachariah Johonnot



Spoons from the latter half of the eighteenth century often have fine decorations and script initials or monograms. Note characteristic scroll design on back of bowl of center spoon

Hammers for Raising. . . . Hallowing, Creasing, Planishing, etc." recorded among his amazingly numerous tools in the inventory of his estate. Timothy Dwight, of whose work but two examples are known, wrought the salver which, by a definition of 1661, was "a new fashioned peece of wrought plate, broad and flat, with a foot underneath, and is used in serving Beer, or other liquid thing to save the Carpit and Cloathes from drops." Early in the eighteenth century this form gave way to the tray with small feet as we know it today.

Likewise restricted to our earliest silversmiths' years were standing salts of which but three American ones, all of Boston origin, are known. The widow of Rev. Jose Glover in 1641 owned "a very Faire salt with three full knops on the top of it, 3 other silver salts of lesser sorts, a great silver trunke with 4 knop to stand on the table and with sugar." Her London-made standing salt is owned by Harvard College, but her smaller salts and sugar box have disappeared. These ceremonial salts were in type the last made to conform to a custom prevalent from mediaeval days; her "salts of lesser sorts" were doubtless in size if not in form similar to the typical trencher salts. Cylindrical casters for spices, as in the seventeenth century group, accompanied these styles; but before the mid-eighteenth century the vase-shaped casters and circular salts appeared (see page 15) and have, in varying proportions, been popular ever since. A logical accompaniment to condiment sets are the "sauce-boats" or gravy-boats in increasing favor as the eighteenth century progressed. We have two frequently met forms: an open-handled pair with handsome shells at the juncture of legs and body (see above), and one on a gadrooned foot in later style.

Chafing dishes for cooking at low temperature and to keep plates or kettles warm were made in surprising numbers in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries; the pair we own have lost from the grip of their silver claws the wooden balls on which they stood, and have not the long turned wooden handle with which most were equipped. Candlesticks in silver, on the other hand, are surprisingly scarce for a commodity which it seems would have been in great demand. The little one by John Coney has an interesting stem derived from the stem of a silver wine cup then and now in possession of the First Church in Boston where the silversmith worshipped. A more usual style is evident in the pair also by Coney in the "baluster" form originated in Queen Anne's day and long popular. Large plates such as our broad-rimmed plate of silver engraved with a Charles II motif are occasionally found, sometimes ornamented simply with a coat-of-arms, or initials in a cartouche, but they were and are, for obvious reasons, in the "extreme luxury" class!

In acquiring domestic silver, spoons were apparently one's first interest and many early colonists had but one or two of silver in an inventory of rather meagre furnishings. There are only a few spoons known today fashioned in the extreme simplicity of the "slipped" and "Puritan" spoons so frequently found dating from the period of England's Commonwealth; and it seems probable that many of those made were soon reworked into the newer fashion which had been introduced into England from France apparently in the 1660's. The bowl of the "slipped" spoon was still in the fig shape of preceding centuries; its handle was an hexagonal stem cut obliquely at the end. The "Puritan" spoon had an even simpler handle, square cut at the end; its bowl was sometimes almost circular but it still had a short V at its juncture to the handle. The next type, and so-called "trifid" spoon, had a similar bowl, but with a rattail drop, and, in the more elaborate ones, stamped decoration as one by Winslow. The purely modern name of the type is derived from the notched end of the handle on the back of which the owners' initials were engraved. Joint ownership is shown on this spoon in a method of marking which endured through three quarters of the eighteenth century and is becoming popular again. This was owned by Richard and Sarah Middlecott, whose surname initial appears at the top, the husband's and wife's below. The maker's mark, clearly shown on the stem, is that of Edward Winslow (1669-1753) and is characteristic of marks used by our earliest craftsmen who were not, as in England, required by law to mark their products, but seem in most instances to have done so.

At the turn of the eighteenth century the notched handle gave way to a "wavy-end" one, like that of a charming little fork and spoon

[*Please turn to page 49*]

Bookmarks for Memories

AGNES L. SASSCIER

Not long ago at a meeting of our bridge club, one of the members brought her mother along as guest, remarking as she introduced me, "You will enjoy each other, for mother loves to tell stories of olden days, and you love to listen." Kindred spirits! She talked on many interesting subjects, and of antiques in general, but when bookmarks were mentioned, she was more than interested, as she had sent and received many of them as presents in her day.

She was distantly related to Andrew Jackson, so one of my bookmark scrapbooks was handed her. We knew she would discover in it one—a memorial of Andrew Jackson—dated 1845. Thrilled and delighted, she told us more of her ancestors in relation to this illustrious statesman. Thereupon several more scrapbooks and a large container full of old bookmarks were brought out, and before long, the whole party had joined in looking over the collection, with the result that cards were absolutely ignored for that afternoon. When we broke up, it was voted a most successful meeting, and each bore away as a memento the bookmark she most admired.

Do you by any chance remember or have you an old bookmark in the family Bible, perhaps of lustrous red ribbon, hand-painted, its fringed edge an inviting reminder of a favorite passage or text? Or tucked away between the thumbed pages of a much loved book of poems, marking a brilliant stanza or inspiring verse, by one who reveled in its beauty of thought?

When admiring these little treasures, one quickly senses their intimate association with grandmother's day. Could it be that readers in those days so loved their books that markers were useful in helping the reader squeeze every ounce of happiness from the contents? The little bookmarks were as varied in design as were the books in which they were used. They served a two-fold purpose: first as a marker for the book, and, second, as a sentimental little gift.

While the ribbon or streamer with hand-painted decoration was in wide use, probably of far greater popularity was the type of ribbon to which a printed colored card was attached in the center. Invariably the card carried a verse or message of greeting, and, it must be admitted, the wording sounds old-fashioned and reserved today. My collection is divided rather naturally into Historical, Practical, Sentimental, and Religious items, a simplified way of classifying.

Bookmarks from the author's collection

The Historical series covers the Civil War period, reunions of the Blue and Gray, Spanish-American War, and our late World War days. Many were issued for more local or provincial celebrations. These ribbons carry a spirit of gaiety and colorful reminiscence, but an underlying note of sadness creeps in at the thought of the ever thinning lines of the Blue and Gray and their inevitable roll call, and of the comrades who have answered it for the last time. As a rule, markers of a historical nature were not given to flowery designs or colorful displays, but were intended primarily to commemorate dates and events and almost void of sheer sentiment.

The Practical ones are made of silver, bone, brass, ivory, ribbon, leather, and paper. Many have clips at the top to prevent slipping back into the book. A leather one reads, "This is where I fell asleep." Can't you just see the blazing logs, the reading lamp, easy chair, and its occupant fast asleep, while the faithful little

Lovely wedding bookmarks of white satin ribbon often had a folded greeting card with the verse inside

Winter scenes of snow-covered houses, like this one, made some very appropriate Christmas gift bookmarks

Many happy returns of the day
Roses may be sheers,
And Cares a pruning knife.
But may the years
Without them bless thy life
Forget Me
A happy Christmas
With all good wishes for a happy CHRISTMAS
MERRY CHRISTMAS

bookmark guards the stopping place until the "forty winks" are over?

There are ever so many types of these markers. In the silver and brass items, often fancy and beautiful designs were used. A particularly interesting brass marker claimed my attention some time ago. Probably of Italian origin, or possibly French, it was shaped as a little dagger, with the blade slit to slip over the page. On the handle was a beautiful small cameo. It was a gem—one of my favorites!

In the majority of my books I use the practical type, but a few of the more elaborate or sentimental ones I keep for my most precious volumes, among which is a collection of first editions of Louisa M. Alcott's works. In each book I use a bookmark appropriate to the story. For instance, "Hospital Sketches" calls for one of the Civil War period; "Little Women" contains one showing little girls busily going about; "Little Men" has one of boys' activities; "Flower Fables" proudly clasps a beautiful flowered ribbon, etc. But I have yet to decide what to use for "A Modern Mephistopheles." In this way I derive a full measure of enjoyment from this collection, for they greet me at every turn. By the way, this little bookmark collection was born as a fitting companion to my beloved Alcotts.

And now, the Sentimental series, on which a small volume could be written. After an evening spent in intimate contact with these treasures of a more romantic day, one could almost wish to have been a part of that age. However impossible that may be, we can at least brush closely, and in passing, gather to ourselves a little of their poetry of living. The ribbons used in this series are poems in themselves, of dainty and deep glowing shades, the more delicate reminding one of the clinging, fragile girls of Godey's Ladies' Book, and the deeper shades, of their more mature sisters.

They cover such occasions as Weddings, Anniversaries, Birthdays, Christmas, New Year's, and Easter, and were used very much as are the remembrance cards of today, and it seems to me, a little more intimately. For they answered a dual purpose—that of greeting, and as a year-round reminder of the donor. Gift books of poems also flourished at that time, with which it was customary to enclose a bookmark. Many of them were finished by hand, either embroidered or painted, and much skill was used in their perfecting. The more intricate were worked in sampler style on perforated cards. The perforations were often so minute that the embroidery was fairylike in delicacy. This type dates around the 1870's. There are items among these little markers which would enchant many collectors along other lines. Designs of baskets, hand items, slippers, and kittens

[*Please turn to page 54*]

My wife has a hobby

—but her expense figures don't tally with mine. To her a cup plate cost 50 cents, whereas it actually cost $14.75 when the real facts of the cup plate hunt were disclosed

JAMES A. HAISLIP

My wife has a hobby which she pursues with unflagging enthusiasm. I have no objection to her pursuit but I do object to being included in this nefarious occupation. This hobby riding began several years ago. I should have been warned then, but being a man and naturally unsuspecting, I hadn't the slightest premonition of the importance that a bit of glass no larger than the palm of my hand would play in my future life and happiness.

When my wife came in from her bridge club and gave me a round glass saucerlike affair, I merely looked up and asked curiously, "What is this?" as I turned the thing between my fingers.

"Be careful," she cried, reaching for the object I held in my hand. "That is a Henry Clay with a wrong-sided 'N'."

"A what?" I asked, not believing my ears.

"A cup plate," she said. "Mrs. Brown, who is a collector, gave it to me. Just to start my collection. Cup plates, you know (I didn't know), are made of pressed glass. Some of them were made at the Sandwich glass factory about the beginning of the nineteenth century." She explained patiently as to a child. "They come in dozens of designs and in the loveliest colors—emerald green, deep blue, opal, canary yellow, and clear glass."

"But," I interrupted, "what are they good for?"

"Our ancestors set their cups in these cup plates while they poured their tea into the saucer to cool and drink."

"Oh, I see. But what about it?" I inquired rudely.

I was to find out about it the following Saturday when I came home from the office. I asked, "What shall we do this afternoon? How about a little—"

"Oh Jim," began my wife in the tone which I knew from long experience meant that she was about to ask me to do something I probably wouldn't want to do. "Let's take a ride out into the country—the real country, off the main highways—and get a real country dinner of home-cured ham and apple pie and—"

That sounded good to me, though it seemed rather an odd thing for my wife to suggest. Ordinarily country meals don't appeal to her. But at the thought of thin slices of ham and a deep dish apple pie covered with the kind of cream you lift off the crock with a fork, I went out to polish the car a little. But I had scarcely started when my wife came out with her hat on.

"I wouldn't polish the car, Jim. It will look better a little dusty and not so new. And don't dress. The old pants you wear when you wash the dog will be perfect. We might have a flat tire or something."

I noticed then that she had a book tucked under her arm. But I said nothing when we started, though I was mystified. We drove along the highway for a time until my wife saw a country road that seemed to please her. At her direction I turned into it and drove for a long way, taking side roads which she thought might lead back into *real* country. At last the road narrowed down into a weed-grown lane that led to a white house set in a grove of maples.

"Stop here," said my wife. "I'm sure they have something here. The place looks just like it."

"Have what?" I asked. As I received no answer, I pursued, "It isn't dinner time yet." But my wife was out of the car and through the gate.

"Come on," she called. I followed her around the house to the back door. She knocked. A tall, cold-looking, white-haired woman opened the door.

"How do you do?" said my wife in her nicest manner. "My husband and I took the wrong turn, I'm afraid. Can you tell us how to get back to the main road? And may we have a drink of water?"

I wasn't thirsty and I have heard my wife discourse on the evils of drinking strange water. But I said nothing. My wife followed the woman into the house, and strange as it may sound, as I watched them through the open door, I saw my wife walk up to the cupboard and rudely stare into it as the woman got a glass off the shelf After I had wound up the windlass and spilled half a bucket of water on my shoes and trousers, I drank a glass of water. As my wife drank she looked at the flowers growing along the fence.

"How large your petunias are!" she said admiringly. "I couldn't get mine to grow this year." The cold-looking woman unbent and in a moment the two were walking the length of the flower bed deep in conversation. Then they turned toward the house.

"I'll not be a minute, Jim," my wife said. "But Mrs. Jones has an old spinning wheel she is going to show me and you know how wild I am about spinning wheels."

"Spinning wheel?" I repeated. "What in the world—"

Glowering at me, she went on. I had often heard her say that she loathed spinning wheels in modern houses. I waited and after a while I heard voices. In a few minutes the two women came out of the house. My wife carried a stuffed green parrot in one hand and in the other, a glass globe with flowers under it. My mouth dropped open. I started to speak but she silenced me by turning to Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, Mrs. Jones," she said cordially, "it was so nice of you to sell me these lovely things. I'm simply wild about them. Especially the wax flowers. So Victorian and everything. And you say," she went on, "that the Pipers live on the other side of the hill and the Spicer girls on the ridge above the old mill?"

I let her talk but when we got back to the car I demanded, "Now tell me what this is all about."

"Cup plates," she replied. "I'm hunting cup plates."

"Cup plates?" I repeated. "But why the moth-eaten parrot and the funeral wreath?"

"Listen Jim," she began patiently, "when you hunt cup plates or any other antiques, you must never seem to want what you really want. If you want cup plates, you must be interested in hooked rugs, or coverlets or parrots or anything else. Never what you really want."

I shook my head in confusion. It didn't make sense. Never ask for what you want. If you want a gas engine, ask for a Persian rug. No, it didn't make sense. But at my wife's direction I drove on. We drove up hills where the road was a mass of rolling rocks that were death and destruction on tires and down into valleys where the roadbed had been the creekbed at some not far distant past. And still there was not a house in sight that looked like country ham to me. I was almost starved when we stopped at a pair of bars.

"This must be the place," my wife said.

I got out and lowered the bars—six of them—and my wife drove through. I did this three times before we came out on a ridge that overlooked a deep narrow valley where a log house sat in an orchard. A drift of smoke came from the chimney. I sniffed. Country cured ham!

"Let me out," my wife commanded, almost imperiously.

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Collector forced to buy!

The very thing we needed was an old house—a true setting for our collected antiques. To such length do we Collectors go, achieving a satisfaction unknown to Throwers-Away

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

As a term, "Collector" is lamentably deficient. It lacks proper dignity, romance, and aroma. A vacuum cleaner is a collector—of dust. We need a term which will classify the conservers of the beautiful and useful things of the past. For the world is generally divided into two groups: those who collect things and those who throw things away.

My wife is a Thrower-Away. I am a Collector. Our married state and happiness were threatened for many years by this breach. Without loving me the less she would deliberately throw away some of my lesser acquisitions branding them as "trash!" A compromise was happily arrived at through our young son, for my wife fondly fancies that the sun rises and sets in him. In his cradle we patiently waited to see which he was going to be, a Collector or a Thrower-Away. At the age of eleven months he began to ransack the waste basket in my study. At two and a half years he was collecting spools. And at six, after being reprimanded in vain for going through ash and trash cans on his way home from kindergarten, he brought in a lovely 150-year-old Sorrento inlaid sandalwood box with an auction number pasted on the bottom. He had demonstrated beyond a doubt that he took after his father and was a born Collector.

It was my wife, as usual, who hit the nail on the head. In this case she wished she hadn't. "If you keep on, you'll have to collect an old house to put all your old things in!" She was referring sarcastically, I'm afraid, to the restricted area of my study, the attic, the cellar, and my little son's room which was running over with our collections. That was the very thing needed: an old house, a true setting for our collected antiques!

Fortunately for the enterprise, my wife was fed up with the suburbs. Without acknowledging it to each other, we spent Saturdays house-hunting, though pretending to be merely picnicking. We virtually agreed on Connecticut; but she insisted on being on the water and I on a place in the hills. We scanned two-score places. It was to be a gamble on points, the place receiving the greatest number to be honored with our occupancy. Here are the Ten "Must" Points necessary to qualify for our final decision:

1. Price must be right—$10,000 the limit.
2. It must be an old house with good lines.
3. It must have at least 5 acres surrounding it.
4. It must have an excellent view.
5. It must not be too near the road.
6. It must have out-buildings.
7. It must have shade trees.
8. It must have an old-fashioned garden.
9. It must have an orchard.
10. There must be no neighbors within a half mile.

We left the shoreline after the third consecutive "picnic." Property was too expensive and neighbors too plentiful. We

pushed up into the hills, but no place qualified on more than four points. We had not begun our quest until the end of summer. Late September foliage had won our hearts with its gorgeous tapestry, and brown October was on the wane, when we reached Redding.

We found the house of our choice, one early autumn evening. It was not on a hill, but on the floor of a broad valley. We had lost our way in the gloaming and came on a farm woman wearing a man's coat and carrying a lantern in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. She asked us in and we drank some fresh-made cider and made the bargain to take the place. It adjoined Mark Twain's "Stormfield" and they had named the sugar maple tree in the meadow by the brook after him, because he always paused to rest beneath it after his afternoon stroll. We drove back to the suburbs very happy that night.

But, alas, that was only a dream house. It never came true. The following week end when we went to claim our House in the Valley, the old woman informed us that the water company had suddenly decided to exercise an ancient option.

Broken-hearted, we took a back road, got lost again, and came out on the top of a hill, where we paused to take in the twenty-mile sweep of loveliness across a broad valley, with seven ranges of hills snaring a gorgeous autumn sunset amidst their peaks. In our rapture, we had not even noticed the Old House on the Hill. It was just as though it had come unawares to give us a friendly greeting. We felt a kinship at first sight—even before we espied the crude sign nailed to the dilapidated gatepost: For Sale. The Old House seemed to know that we had come to claim it as our own, for its paneled door yielded to our touch and almost opened itself. It seemed to smile in the crimson sunset shining through its sadly battered features, piercing the old parlor and through the open door of the living room, as though illumining the farthest corner of its honest soul. We climbed the creaking stair—perhaps a sweetly familiar sound to generations whom we would now succeed. We stole out into the old-fashioned garden, now pitifully overgrown, this year's crop of apples rotting on the ground. For our Old House was a derelict deserted and forlorn by the wayside, desperately in need of care and repair, of loving kindness, and proper attire to cover its gaunt nakedness.

Fortunately, the price was right, for it took several thousand dollars to bring the Old House back to the fullness of its deserved life and dignity. The Old House taught us many of its secrets about life and living. We learned, in time, for example, that every sacrifice we made, every care we lavished, every dollar we spent on the Old House came back to us with interest. We learned that it was a greater joy to take a place in great need of us this way than to buy one that was already complete and finished by the hands of others. For by long work and toil, thought, and care it had indeed become *our* house; we had reclaimed it, put ourselves, our souls, and our bodies into it, and it had come to dwell in us forever and ever.

Our problems were many, as they will be yours, Fellow Collectors, should it be your good fortune to buy an old house. First, what should we do with the furniture and furnishings, that the uneducated and undeveloped tastes of newly-wed days had acquired. Pieces of golden oak and late mission, tufted and tasseled monstrosities, wedding gifts and friendly atrocities, "General Grant" and "McKinley" period sets

Shown here are the Empire sofa covered with fabric especially designed and woven for it; banjo clock, once David Belasco's, on the wall above it; two corner cupboards; and, directly below, a Victorian urn

among them. Our long-endured feelings of sentiment and duty were relieved simultaneously when we both leaped out of bed one morning and cried, "Why, we'll have an auction, of course!" The auction was an amazing success. I lost faith in my avocation, temporarily, for it seems that there were "collectors" of that kind of thing. Also, I too had become a Thrower-away! People fought over our worst trash and in many cases paid double what it originally cost! We moved up to the Old House with a small vanful of my collections. A curious phenomenon happened which I have never mentioned to a soul before. No harm can be done, however. My wife became a convert Collector, and like converts of all kinds, just a little fanatical.

That unpleasant problem solved, we were faced by a more delightful one. Here again we made a discovery in the philosophy of furnishing an old house. Namely, that these old houses have decided personalities, opinions, and bents that cannot be forced. The Old House, for example, had been disgracefully dismantled, if not wrecked. You would suppose that would make it easy for us to change things radically. Not so. We soon learned that, if we were to play fair with the Old House, we had to restore it exactly as it had been. Furthermore, we had to use great care in selecting pieces that would fit into the rooms, corners, and crannies, or they would fairly howl and beg to be taken away! The fireplaces, it seemed, had all been removed at great expense sixty years before, and replaced by drum stoves which were then popular. Therefore, we had to rebuild three fireplaces. Only an old Colonial tall one would do in the living room. We made the mistake at first of trying to make an aristocrat out of the Old House. It wouldn't have it. We had to take it as it was created; then it progressed and smiled and flourished.

The Old House is just an honest old Connecticut Colonial farmhouse that has stood atop those hills four-square, shouldering the winds and the rains for just a decade short of two centuries. It stands only fifty feet from the narrow side road through which not more than a dozen vehicles a day pass at the height of traffic. It simply refuses to have a "sitting porch" placed on the west side facing the view because the family preferred to sit on the opposite side of the house where it could look up toward the main road and see who was passing by. They were right, for there we sit too, facing the garden within reach of the scented pineapple shrub, the

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Left: The old, painted wall-clock came from the "Rastro," a market in Madrid; its brass pendulum and weights are beautifully wrought. The gateleg table is several hundred years old and of English character and craftsmanship, although acquired in Spanish Mallorca

Photographs by Pfile

Garden Loveliness in Old Glassware

Old glassware at the top of the page, front row left to right: Primrose pitcher, small Garden of Eden bowl with serpent's head, Blackberry pitcher. The Lord's Supper frosted glass platter with grape vine border, and frosted Maple Leaf platter shown second row. In the back is a Double Vine plate

Interesting in form as well as design is the Tulip compote, left in the front row. Looking from it to the right are an Acorn spill holder, a Bellflower spoon holder, and the always popular Picket or fence pattern compote. In background is an exceptionally lovely Primrose pattern water-set tray

BESSIE M. LINDSEY

THE loveliness of gardens has always held allure for the human family, due probably to a subconscious remembrance of the Garden of Eden. Because the language spoken by garden life is always comforting and encouraging, mankind has chosen flowers above all other things to speak wordless messages of affection, sympathy, and cheer and we therefore find flower designs in many decorations.

No one realized these things better than the homemakers of the 1860 and 1870 period; so it is not surprising to find that women of that time favored buds and blossoms, leaves, vines and fruits as decorative motifs for their table glassware. They were symbols that recalled joys known in previous hours, joys found in garden beauties. Such happiness is available to collectors of today who turn to this same glassware and find inspiration for some of their most charming table settings.

One of the earliest patterns having a flower design is called "Tulip." Groups of tuliplike flowers, each consisting of three gracefully clustered lilylike petals, encircle the bowl of a dish. The open space at the base of each design is filled with a simple sawtooth decoration. Because of the great brilliancy of the glass and the beauty of the design and inate simplicity, the effect is unusually attractive and dignified.

As the rose is the best loved of flowers, so the rose designs seem to be in greater favor than those of any other flower. Ranking first of the rose patterns in both beauty and popularity is a design showing clear flowers and leaves against a stippled background. The effect is so cool and pleasing that it has become known as the Rose-in-Snow pattern. Its appeal is heightened because it comes in such lovely colors —yellow, amber, and blue glass—as well as in the always attractive and always appropriate clear glass.

Another pattern featuring the rose is called Cabbage Rose. This consists of flowers, leaves, and stems, and covers most of the object. A narrow border containing small ovals is placed above the design. The knob of the compote is formed of a large rosebud, a smaller bud, and a few leaves. This pattern has never lost its original charm.

A collection of Primrose pattern tableware is in clear, amber, blue, and green

A Dahlia pattern pickle dish, Cabbage Rose sauce dish, Barberry plate, a second Cabbage Rose sauce dish, and a Wild flower relish dish are shown left to right in the front row below. In the center row, left to right: a stippled Ivy bowl, an Anthemion pattern bowl, and a Cabbage Rose bowl. From left to right in the back row are: a Paneled Grape water pitcher, a Bleeding Heart cream pitcher, a Wildflower spoon holder, a Baltimore Pear pattern cream pitcher, and a Paneled Grape design milk pitcher

A very fine example of the old flower pattern glassware is known as Bellflower. It was one of the earliest of the patterns to be used in decorating complete sets of tableware. It is outstanding in design as well as antiquity and has captured and held popular favor for many years because of its grace.

No old-fashioned garden was complete without the graceful Bleeding Heart, and no old-fashioned dining room was complete without some glassware symbolizing this popular posy. Both leaves and flowers are shown against a clear background. Fame anew has come to this charming pattern since Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is said to have singled it out for special approval.

Two patterns, known as Dahlia and Primrose, are similar in effect and are rapidly growing in favor. Both show floral designs against brilliantly stippled backgrounds; and are found in the much sought for colors—blue, amber, green, and yellow, as well as in clear glass.

Other flower patterns worthy of special mention are Wildflower, Daisy-and-Button, Morning Glory, Forget-Me-Not, Thistle, and Flower-Band.

The glory of the grape has been sung all through the ages. Nor was it valued for its fruit alone. Vines were cultivated for purely ornamental purposes, due to the elegance of their foliage, the rich coloring of their leaves, their hardihood, and their satisfying shade. The beauty of the grape has been well recorded in yesterday's glassware. No less than a dozen patterns and variants may be found. The respect in which the grape was held seems to approach the reverent, as shown in the bread tray known as The Last Supper. An arrangement of fruit, leaves, and stems frames a reproduction of the famous painting. Perhaps no single piece of glassware has ever been so universally prized as this one.

The most fascinating of the grape patterns used for general tableware, is called Paneled

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—and here is Your Favorite Old Pattern in

NEW GLASS

Roylace Shelf Paper

So much in the mode, so great the appeal, so small the supply of lovely old glass, that new pressed glass of equal charm and in the same radiant patterns is herewith made available to countless smart American homes. Within the reach of all for handsome services or that occasional table ornament, today's reproductions of old glass will appease the hearts of many who lack the opportunity or the hardihood for peregrination ever necessary in collecting antiques. The charming old shapes, as well as the patterns, have been painstakingly reproduced. You will find these items in your favorite store or decorating shop.

Above are fine examples of thumb-print glass in the Williamsburg tradition, and a fine beaded design. Covered dishes, decanter, pitchers, and plates—all are true to their predecessors. Mermaid candlesticks and amusing little boots complete the collection. All the pieces in this group are from Mitteldorfer Straus.

On top shelf, right, is a collection of milk glass, including pieces in Jewel and Swan patterns from the Westmoreland Glass Company. On the center shelf are copies of Sandwich glass from Duncan & Miller; and glass hats, a Victorian hand vase, and waffle goblets from George Bassett & Company. On the bottom shelf are pieces in Fostoria's Americana pattern, Cambridge's Virginia and Mt. Vernon, and an egg-and-bar decanter with goblet from Cataract-Sharpe.

Photographs by F. M. DEMAREST

R. H. Ross

"Of Course I Treat My Child as a Person"

HELEN DAWE and
ELEANOR SALTZMAN

"HONESTLY, I don't know what to do with him." Most parents have said that at some time or other. Since no two children are alike, there must be no one clear course for all parents. That would be far too simple. But there is, after all, one thing you who are parents can do. Call it a viewpoint, attitude, or prescription—what you will—but here it is: Respect your child as a person. Your children are people; treat them as such. Not a very lengthy formula, but one that can solve a high proportion of difficulties and misunderstandings.

"But of course I treat my child as a person," you retort. "How else could I treat him?" Well, there are other ways. Some people treat their children as if they were babies, and others almost as if they were pet dogs. But children are people, individuals who before many years will be assuming their places in the community. They cannot be regarded merely as children. Of course they cannot be treated as if fully matured either, and they should not be. But the fact that they still need the benefit of a parent's wisdom and guidance does not mean that they cannot be treated as persons. Parents and children are, essentially, friends. Yet how many children are treated with the respect their parents' grown-up friends receive?

Recently in a friend's home Margaret came into the living room to greet her parents' dinner guests. Her mother glanced at her daughter appraisingly and remarked, "Really, Margaret, couldn't you have done something about your hair today? It needs cutting so badly. The back of your neck is a mess." Poor Margaret blushed to the roots of her uncut hair, turned, and left the room without a word. Then her mother apologized to the guests for Margaret's rudeness!

"Did you remember to clean your fingernails?" a father asked his son who was about to leave with several high school boys and girls for a party. And a decidedly uncomfortable young man was laughed at by his crowd. Many another boy or girl has been embarrassed to the point of tears by well-meaning but blundering and thoughtless parents. Teen-age boys and girls, especially, are self-conscious, and added embarrassment only makes them ever so much more ill at ease.

Nothing a child plans is as important as the plans of his parents, so runs a great deal of adult reasoning. They forgot to tell Marcia that Aunt Susan was coming to lunch, so of course she must not go downtown with the girls. Does it matter not at all to the adults that flesh-and-blood youngsters are being treated like puppets?

"You won't be able to go fishing with Bob, Saturday." Mr. Martin told Tom when he came home from school. "We've been invited to the Stewarts to spend the day."

"I told Bob—" began Tom sullenly, but he was not even permitted to finish his sentence. "You must go, Tom. Mrs. Stewart's feelings would be hurt if you didn't," his mother said, completely oblivious to the feelings of Tom and Bob. No wonder Tom is sullen.

A more courteous approach might have elicited a more acquiescent reply. "Mrs. Stewart has invited the family over Saturday. Would you be free to go with us?" It is not difficult to imagine Tom's response. "I'll see if Bob could go fishing next week. I'll go if it's okay with him." Tom, receiving the deference

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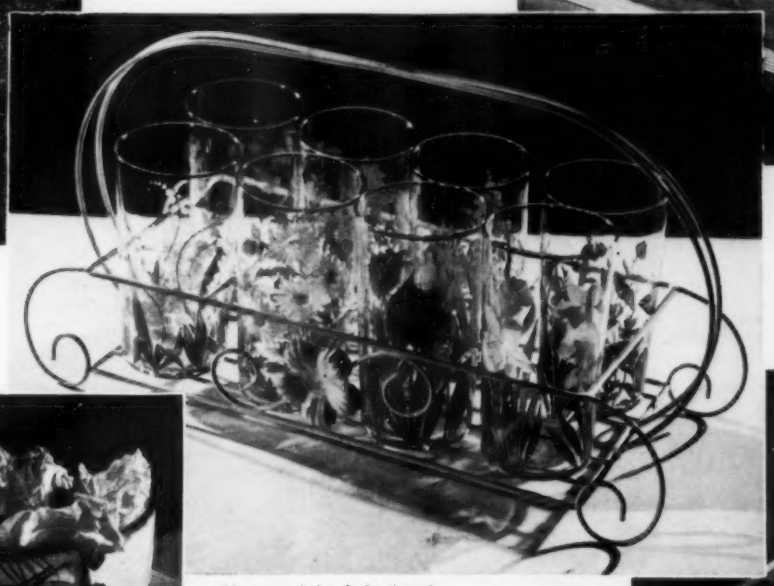
Left: Convenient painted metal stand, with handle and removable tray, from Mollie Boynton

Right: Glasses and pitcher with a red streamer pattern, applied with American ceramic colors. From Newland, Schneeloch & Piek

Below is the "Garden Club" set, each glass with a different flower in natural colors, all fitted into a white wire rack. From Pitman Dreitzer & Co.



A cool salad and hot tea are all the more welcome served in pottery in a bamboo design; the tea pot has a bamboo handle. Pitt Petri

Below: A portable table, with its own painted tray, is of white metal. Herman Kashins. Pitcher and comfortably heavy glass from Ashford-Fenton

Photograph by Luke Swank

For SUMMER ENTERTAINING

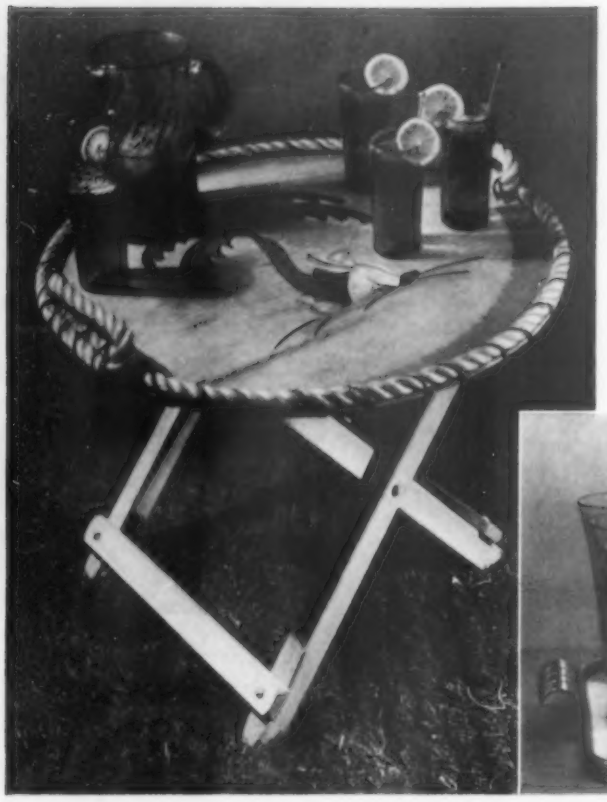
HOT weather, and nobody wants to be burdened with the fuss and feathers that go with entertaining. One wants to sun-bathe, not steam-bathe in a kitchen. One's laundry hampers are filled to overflowing with summer wearables; there is no room for soiled table linen. A painless, effortless summer is your motto—and ours. But by painless we do not mean less gracious entertaining. It isn't necessary to be sloppy just because you are cooking supper over an outdoor grill, or serving dinner on the terrace. By painless, we mean simple and appropriate food, served with a flair, elan, or your favorite word for deftness. Paper tablecloths and paper "china" that one stuffs under the last embers of the log fire. Flatware of plastics, gay and unbreakable, no tragedy if it gets stepped on by your heaviest and hungriest guest, or thrown to the dog in lieu of a bone. Food that is supremely good, simple to prepare, served aristocratically chilly or aromatically hot. That's our idea of summer, and we ask that you seriously consider the things we have gathered together on these pages, for we know they will contribute to your own composure and your reputation as a summer hostess. The accessories are gay and smart, the recipes delicious, the picnic equipment 100 per cent temper-proof. Mrs. Ellis's "Cooked and Carried" ideas are mighty useful, and "Serving the Crowd" something to tuck away carefully for future lawn parties or church suppers. "For Summer Entertaining" we've called this eight-page portfolio, but of course all eight pages are for *your* entertaining . . . and may your summer be a happy one!

COOKED AND CARRIED . . . **Grace McIlrath Ellis**:: The snail who carries his house with him has nothing on the woman who owns an electric roaster. My uncle used to say my aunt, in summer, cooked all over the state. But through what endless hours of exasperated toil, as I recall, did she manage it. A rusty oil-stove oven at the summer cottage, a cracked range at the club house, balky electric plates in the garden, and a ponderous old fireless cooker lugged to family picnics.

My modern electric roaster will do all that and much, much more. And with what easy and dignified competence! It carries a whole meal tucked under one sturdy arm or in whatever available space there is in garden or car. It not only stews, but it bakes, broils, roasts, or steams anything within connecting distance of a 15-ampere fuse, or within an hour or two's drive of one, for a well-insulated roaster holds heat and continues to cook for some time after the current has been shut off.

But the very nicest feature of all, as far as I'm concerned, is the fact that the cooker is so handsome that it can come right to the table and be used as its own serving dish. Besides the matter of dishwashing saved—an item inspiring any cook's affection—this procedure allows guests to be served within direct sight of the cooking operation. The same attraction which draws crowds to window exhibitions of cake-flipping—and repeat orders for sizzling steaks.

It has been my experience that you can serve a crowd of summer week-enders practically anything after some swimming or tennis—and they'll love it—*if* it is properly seasoned, and *if* it's still wafting savory whiffs of steam right out of the cookpot into their tantalized noses.



Photographs by
F. M. DEMAREST

Looking like great leaves of lettuce, a salad bowl and plates are appetizing even without the salad! They come from Mitteldorfer Straus

Mexican table and tray from Edith J. Meyer & Co. Blue Mexican glassware, Fred Leighton. Polished chromium Arcadia refreshment set, center, Chase Brass & Copper. Wooden bowl, Mollie Boynton

for SUMMER ENTERTAINING

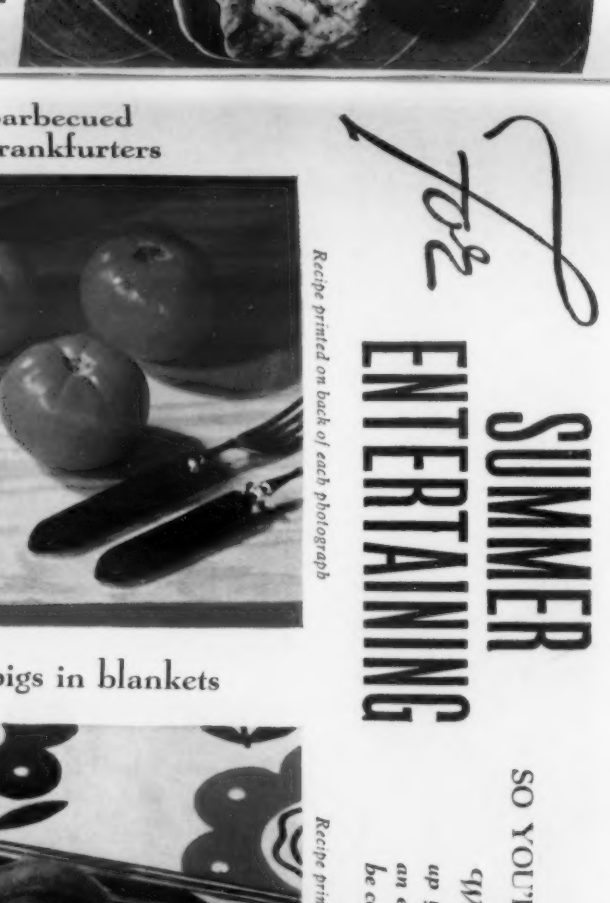
Calico Garden, Grapevine, and World Sampler, gay paper services, will do much to make it a painless summer. Dennison, Nashua Paper Co. and Dixie Cups. Flatware that matches it in gaiety, National Silver Co.

It may be pure cooks' perversity, in this day of perfect oven-dinners, to want, at the same meal, two dishes which require widely different baking temperatures. But did you ever notice how frequently you find yourself doing it? Well, an electric roaster provides an extra and oppositely-temperatured oven for those occasions when one wants to have pie and noodle ring, or baked ham and hot rolls, for instance, all at the same meal.

It's not a question of needing an electric roaster, it's purely a matter of what kind of electric roaster will suit your family best. The larger roasters are roomy enough to cook entire meals for six to eight people, roast a couple of five-pound chickens (or a ten- to twelve-pound turkey), or barbecue frankfurters or escalloped potatoes for a golf club gathering of sixty. The oblong roasters are particularly good in that, with them, regulation baking pans may be used, though the oval ovens are more efficient for some purposes, and their specially constructed baking pots, pans, racks, and cooky sheets are shaped to use every bit of available baking space. Then there is the automatic oven with heat-control, a dial and a light flashing off when the desired temperature has been reached. It costs a bit more than the non-automatic types with reversible plugs which allow either high or low heat, but no intermediate, but in my opinion is well worth the difference. A good automatic well-insulated roaster can do anything that an automatic range oven can do—and more. It can go places and costs surprisingly little to operate. The large-size roasters use only about as much current as a 1000-watt electric iron.

To follow a well-trained automatic roaster through a summer week end might be strenuous business. For Saturday afternoon the scout-aged member has been promised it as a means whereby his patrol may carry hamburgers to prospective purchasers at a Golf Handicap Tournament. The idea is his own and it works—to the extent of an almost immediately exhausted supply, a chorus of invitations to return, and a nice little feathering of profit in the summer-camp treasury. (A recipe for hamburgers for

[*Please turn to page 31*]



For SUMMER ENTERTAINING

SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A PICNIC!

"When your family gets bitten by the picnic bug you will need a few tricks up your sleeve to help make it a success. Hot food, cooked and carried in an electric roaster, pork sausages, wrapped in their own blankets, ready to be cooked, hot succotash in a vacuum jug, all shown below, are some of them

Recipe printed on back of each photograph

• barbecued frankfurters

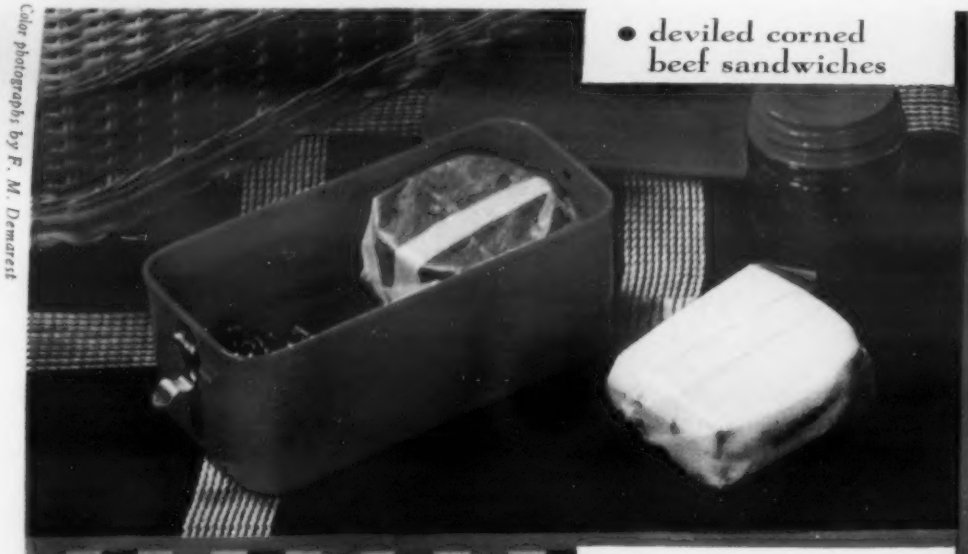
Recipe printed on back of each photograph

• pigs in blankets

Recipe printed on back of each photograph

• Brazil nut wafers

• deviled corned beef sandwiches



• garden succotash

• fried chicken —corn on cob

Color photographs by F. M. Demarest

• fried chicken —corn on cob

4 to 4¼ pound chicken for frying (weight dressed)
3 tablespoons fat
½ cup bacon drippings (about)
Flour
Salt and pepper

CUT up the chicken for frying. Thoroughly dredge each piece in flour. Salt and pepper. Melt the three tablespoons of fat in a Dutch oven or heavy chicken frier. When very hot, brown chicken quickly on both sides. Cover tightly and place in a moderate oven (350° F.). Cook for two hours, basting every half hour with the bacon drippings. Cook the last half hour without the lid. Remove from oven and drain on paper towels. This will serve from 4 to 6 persons. Serve with canned, frozen, or fresh corn on the cob which has been buttered and cooked over the open fire.

Recipe submitted by BERNIECE HUDSON ZINGG
Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

• Brazil nut wafers

1 cup fat
⅝ cup sugar
2¼ cups flour
½ cup finely sliced Brazil nuts

LET fat stand until soft. Beat until light. Beat in sugar. Work in flour and half the Brazil nuts. Chill slightly. Shape into small balls about the size of hickory nuts. Flatten in palms of hands or press down with greased spatula. If using an electric roaster place on the ungreased roaster cooky tray. Preheat roaster to 400° F. Next decrease temperature to 300° F. and bake cookies for 15 to 20 minutes. Don't allow the roaster to get too hot, as these wafers are easily burned. Or, place the cookies on an ungreased cooky sheet and bake for fifteen minutes in a moderately hot range oven (375° F.). This recipe will make from 4 to 5 dozen cookies.

Recipe submitted by GRACE MCILRATH ELLIS
Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

• garden succotash

1 cup cooked baby lima beans
1 cup cooked yellow whole kernel corn
1½ cups cooked green peas
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup coffee cream
¼ cup finely chopped red pimiento

THIS recipe may be prepared and kept hot for 2 or 3 hours in an electric roaster. Or, it may be prepared on a range and then transferred to a vacuum container so it will stay hot. Mix all ingredients together and put in the small inset pan of the electric roaster and heat for 30 minutes at 325° F., after the roaster has been preheated to 450° F. (A whole meal can also be cooking in the roaster at the same time.) If you use your kitchen range put all ingredients in a baking dish or casserole and heat in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes. This recipe will serve 7 to 8 persons.

Recipe submitted by GRACE MCILRATH ELLIS
Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

• pigs in blankets

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons fat
¼ cup milk (about)
1 pound link sausages

SIFT together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Work in fat with knives, scissors fashion, or with a pastry blender. Add milk, enough to make a medium soft dough. Roll out on a floured board ⅛ inch thick and cut in 2-inch squares. Partially broil link sausages and wrap the dough around sausages. (This much may be done at home.) Place on lightly greased broiler racks, as shown on reverse side, and bake over an outdoor fire or grill until well browned. This recipe will serve about 4 people, allowing two "pigs" for each person.

Bacon and cheese buns

6 long buns 6 quarter inch thick slices American cheese 6 thin slices bacon

Cut buns in two and place a slice of cheese between each half. Wind a long strip of bacon around each bun and fasten securely with several toothpicks. Fasten on end of pointed stick or long fork and cook over fire until bacon is crisp and cheese is melted.

Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

• deviled corned beef sandwiches

4 ounces cooked corned beef (½ standard size can)
6 tablespoons minced sweet pickles
2 teaspoons finely minced onion
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
2 ounces sharp American cheese
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
Salt and pepper to taste

THOROUGHLY cream cheese and mayonnaise until smooth and soft. Add shredded corned beef and other ingredients. Spread on half slices of buttered whole wheat and white bread. A slice of tomato and crisp lettuce may be added to each sandwich if desired. This recipe will make 12 whole sandwiches or 24 half sandwiches which should be cut diagonally.

An additional sandwich suggestion:

Tongue sandwiches

1 cup cold cooked tongue, minced
¼ cup thinly sliced stuffed olives
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
3 tablespoons mayonnaise

Blend all ingredients together and spread on thin slices of buttered bread. Makes two dozen half sandwiches cut in triangles.

Recipes submitted by BERNIECE HUDSON ZINGG
Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

• barbecued frankfurters

3 pounds large frankfurters
1 medium-size onion
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon flour
1½ tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons salt; pinch red pepper
1 tsp. paprika; ¼ tsp. black pepper
1 teaspoon chili powder or mustard
½ cup tomato catsup
2 teaspoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons hot water

DIRECTIONS are given here for preparing this recipe in a portable electric roaster. You can cook your food at home and then keep it hot for an hour or two in a well-insulated roaster. (Or, you can prepare the frankfurters in the kitchen range and then keep them hot in a large vacuum container.) Preheat roaster to 450° F. Put onion through food chopper using fine knives. Blend vinegar and flour and combine with onion and remaining ingredients. Pierce each frankfurter with a fork and dip into sauce. Arrange in well-greased inset roaster pan and pour over any remaining sauce. Reduce heat to 350° F. and bake one hour in roaster. (Or arrange frankfurters and sauce in a greased baking dish and bake, covered, for 1 hour in a moderate (350° F.) range oven. This recipe serves 6 to 8 persons. To serve 60 allow 20 lbs. of frankfurters and 8 times the quantity of sauce.

Recipe submitted by GRACE MCMILRATH ELLIS
Tested by THE AMERICAN HOME

Recipes for SUMMER ENTERTAINING

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A PICNIC!

Try these recipes on your picnic-hating friends and watch them turn into outdoor eating converts. Canned goods will come in handy, too, when the spur of the moment picnic crowd suddenly descends upon you. Baked beans, chili con carne, and canned fruit juices have "saved" many a picnic

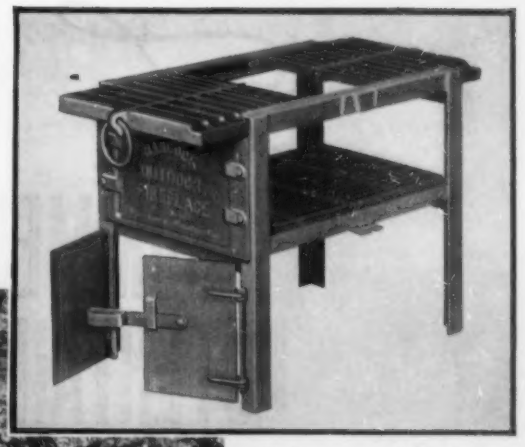
Photograph printed on back of each recipe

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

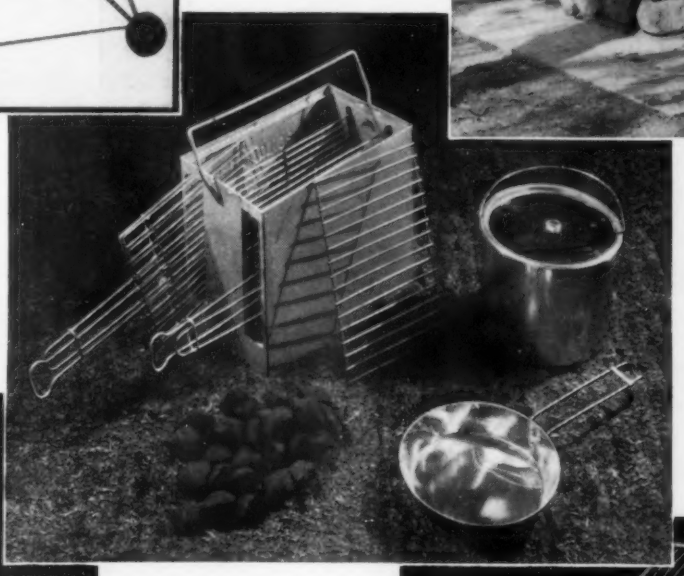
sixty to sixty-five will be found at the end of this article on page 49.)

Another summer-crowd main dish which I can't resist mentioning here is Barbecued Frankfurters. These require less work to prepare in proportion to the enthusiasm with which they are received than any other one dish I know and the recipe you'll find on the color page. For community picnics or reunion groups they may be served with buns as the hamburgers were, or with an additional roaster-full of creamed new, or escalloped, potatoes and a crisp green salad. For a family outing or Fourth of July picnic, they may be prepared in one of the inset roaster pans, with the others given over to potatoes, baked beans, or vegetable combinations, and the whole meal whisked hot to the picnic grounds, still bubbling savory odors as it goes. (Detachable picnic handles, which make the cookers doubly easy to carry about, are available with some models.)

But getting back to the family week end and serving supper in the garden, since the roaster will



If the man of the house likes to build things, he will want to buy the "skeleton" Hancock grill shown above, and make a fieldstone enclosure like the one at left. This model is made of heavy iron, and costs about $14

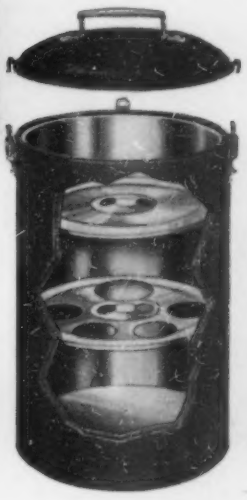


Above: Huntington charcoal barbecue. Broil-oaster, right, for coffee and another dish on top, steaks and such inside. Ford charcoal briquets; and Wear-Ever utensils

Ingenious as a magician, the Master Folding Grill, above, opens into a complete cooking grill with windshield, charcoal, fork, match holder. Left: Camp grate from Abercrombie & Fitch; Androck broiler, from Macy; and Bar-B-Q Fryette for hamburgers, Broilette for wieners, and an Extension fork

Sterno Frankfurter Carrier, left, from Hammacher Schlemmer. Below: Porto Grill for about $6 at Lewis & Conger

Right: Master Picnic Cooler



For SUMMER ENTERTAINING

Recipe submitted by Grace McIlrath Ellis
Tested by The American Home

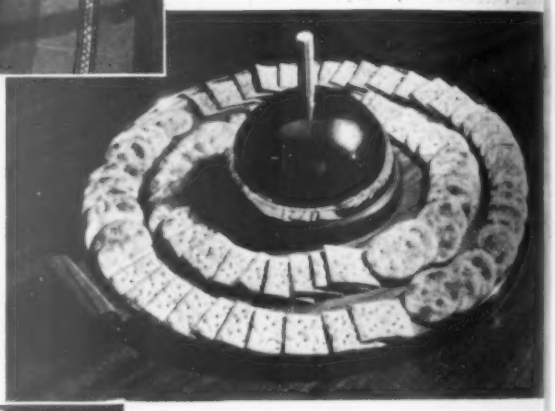
Recipes submitted by Berniece Hudson Zingg
Tested by The American Home

For SUMMER ENTERTAINING

A knotty pine butler's tray set on a folding stand is ideal when arranged with colorful pottery accessories. Carbone

Summer partners are a linen cloth with huge daisies, designed by Marguerita Mergentime for Fallani & Cohn, and a painted tray to hold six glasses, with space for sandwiches. Janis-Tarter Greeman & Najeeb

Below is a polka dot ensemble in paper tablecloth, plates, and napkins in bright red, green, and blue. Paper set, Tuttle Press Co. Flatware in bright color with white chevron, from the National Silver Company



For cheese and crackers, a walnut tray with separate covered cheese server. Revere Crafts

California Ham Slice:

1 2-lb. slice of ham cut 1 inch thick
Juice of 1 orange
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons brown sugar
½ cup tart apple sauce
¼ cup thick sour cream or
2 tablespoons melted butter

Beat last 6 ingredients together. Preheat roaster to 450° F. Place ham in well-greased center inset pan. Cover with sauce and bake for about 1½ hours at 325° to 350° F.

be used for keeping food hot and for serving, it may as well be used for the cooking operations, too. Any meat that the family prefers can be chosen—a good ham or salmon loaf with sweet mustard sauce or hot mayonnaise, fried chicken browned in the roaster, or stewed chicken simmered in its own gravy, meat balls with a mushroom sauce, tuna fish pie with a biscuit topping—well, our menu happens to be:

California Ham Slice Browned Rice
Garden Succotash
Crisp Green Salad
Iced Tea
Assorted Chilled Fruits
Crackers Cheeses
Brazil Nut Wafers

The wafers are mixed that morning and, for economy's sake, baked on the roaster baking tray just before the ham and rice are added. This recipe and the Garden Succotash recipe you will find illustrated in color on page 29. The crisp green salad may be just hearts of lettuce, endive, or Romaine, or for variety, a combination of many salad plants, dressed at the last minute. The recipes for California Ham Slice and Browned Rice follow—and we can recommend them.

Browned Rice

1½ cups dry rice
2 tablespoons butter
3½ cups water
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons ham drippings or melted butter

Sort rice but do not wash. Place dry rice in frying pan with butter and stir over moderate fire until golden brown. Add water and seasonings (all but ham drippings or butter) and let come to a boil. Pour into inset pan of roaster. Cook 30 to 40 minutes at 325° to 350° F. Add butter (or ham drippings if preferred) and paprika and serve piping hot right from the cooker.

Sunday may easily be the day for one of those two-family get-togethers at some scenic spot mutually available. If each family is to furnish food sufficient for their own group and the day promises to be a cool one at which hot food will be doubly welcome, what could be nicer than the following menu:

Chicken-Mushroom Fricassee
Baked Carrot Strips
Fresh Cucumber Pickles
Cookies
Compote of Fruit or Fresh Fruit

Chicken-Mushroom Fricassee

1 4 to 5 lb. fowl, cut up
3 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 small onion
3 peppercorns
Few celery leaves
1 Bay leaf
Flour for dredging
¼ cup butter for browning
½ pound mushrooms
4 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons butter
3 cups broth
½ cup cream

Preheat roaster to 500° F. Add chicken, salt, pepper, onion, peppercorns, celery leaves, bay leaf, and boiling water to cover. Cook 1 to 1½ hours at 275° F., or a temperature just high enough to keep water at a gentle simmer. Meanwhile brown mushrooms in ¼ cup butter. Remove mushrooms, roll hot chicken pieces in flour and brown in the same skillet. Place chicken and mushrooms in large inset pan of roaster. Pour broth from roaster to skillet, discarding onion, celery etc., and set roaster dial at 500° F. Make a rich thin cream gravy in skillet using 3 cups of the broth, the flour, butter and cream. Season. Pour over chicken and mushrooms. Cook in roaster 1½ hours at 325° to 350° F.

The above dish is a far cry from the well-known picnic sandwiches or cold cuts and potato salad, but it may be safer in the end, for it is very substantial and makes quite unnecessary many of the accompaniments which may have been the cause of past tummy aches.

[*Please turn to page 48*]

For SUMMER ENTERTAINING

COMPANY COOLERS FOR TERRACE PARTIES

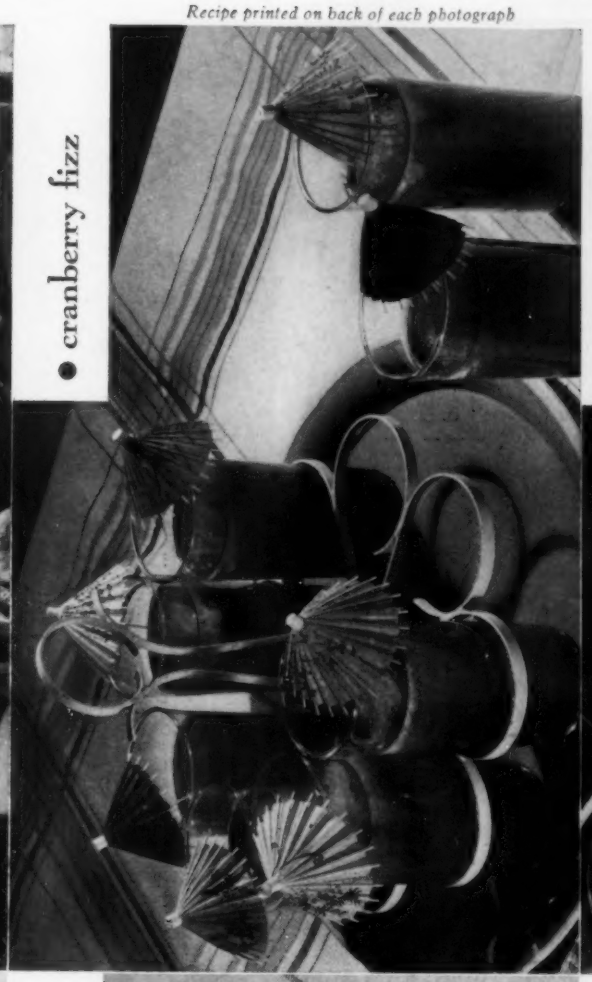
MENU I: *Two-Tone Sandwiches . . . Jellied Cucumber and Tomato Salad . . . Emergency Egg Nog or Coffee Imperial*

MENU II: *Rolled Watercress Sandwiches . . . Assorted Cookies . . . Loganberry Cooler or Fruit Punch Bowl*

Recipe printed on back of each photograph

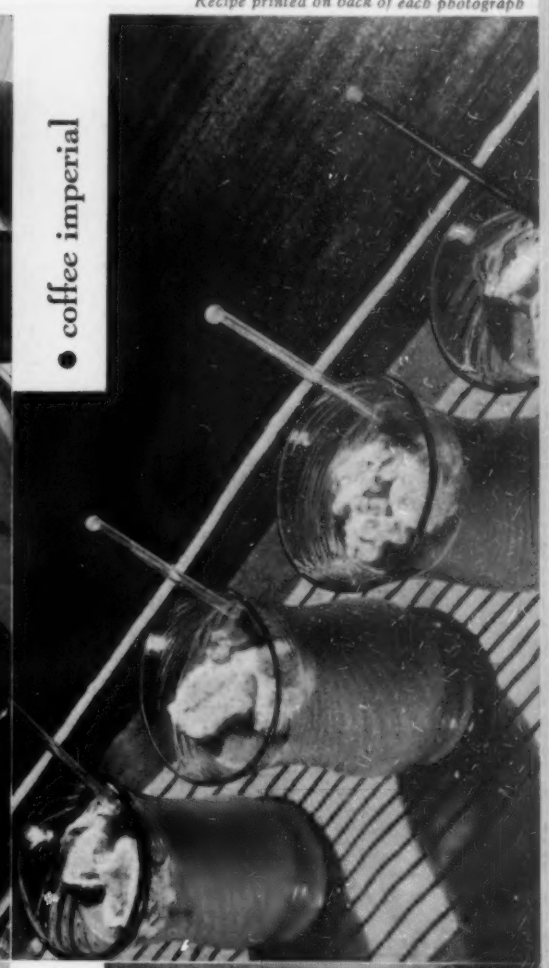
• emergency egg nog

Recipe printed on back of each photograph

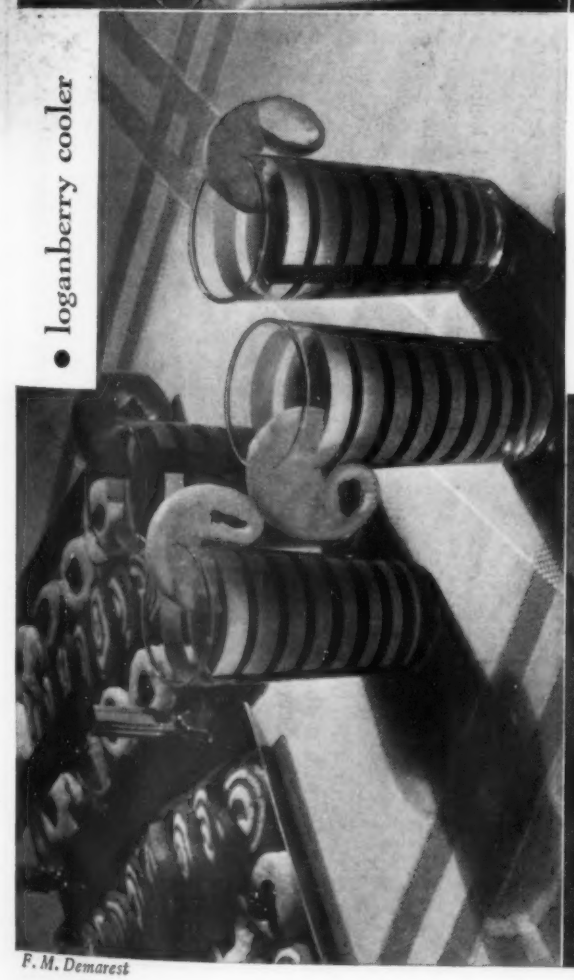


• cranberry fizz

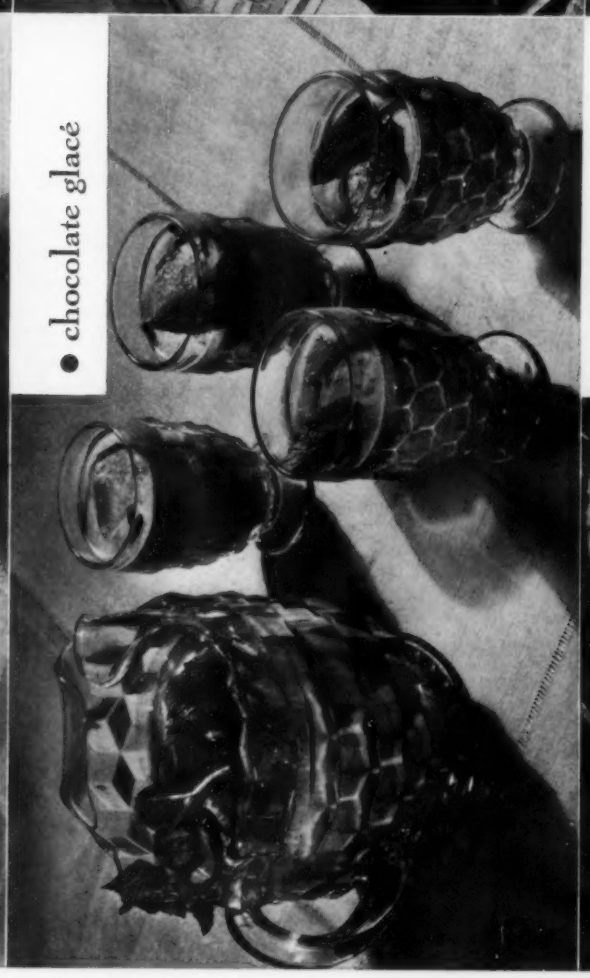
Recipe printed on back of each photograph



• coffee imperial



• loganberry cooler



• chocolate glacé

• fruit punch bowl

F. M. Demarest

• fruit punch bowl

1 cup water
2 cups canned pineapple juice
2 cups orange juice (about 4 oranges)
¾ cup lemon juice (about 4 lemons)
2 cups sugar
4 quarts (16 cups) gingerale or carbonated water

Boil sugar and water until it spins a thread, or about 3 minutes. Add fruit juices and sufficient water to make 4 quarts of liquid. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving add 4 quarts of gingerale. Garnish with ice cubes in which fresh strawberries have been frozen. Serves 32.

Tested by The American Home

• chocolate glacé

1 quart (4 cups) chilled milk
4 tablespoons thick chocolate syrup
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
Fresh mint leaves

Beat together milk, chocolate syrup, and vanilla extract. Pour over ice cubes (in which fresh mint leaves have been frozen) in glasses for serving. Garnish with additional fresh mint (as shown on reverse side), or whipped cream flavored delicately with oil of peppermint. Serves 4.

Tested by The American Home

• loganberry cooler

¼ cup sugar
1 cup water
¼ cup lemon juice (about 1 lemon)
1 cup orange juice (about 2 oranges)
2 cups canned loganberry juice

Boil sugar and water together for 10 minutes. Add fruit juices and chill in refrigerator. Pour over ice cubes in tall glasses. Garnish with lemon. Serve with assorted cookies. Serves 4.

Tested by The American Home

• coffee imperial

4 sticks cinnamon
6 cups strong hot coffee
⅓ cup sugar
¾ cup whipping cream
Chipped ice

Add cinnamon sticks to hot coffee and let stand for 1 hour. Remove cinnamon sticks, add sugar (more or less to taste) and ½ cup of cream. Chill in refrigerator. Pour this mixture into 6 tall glasses and fill with ice cubes. Whip remaining cream, add a little sugar and flavoring if desired. Place a spoonful of cream on each serving. Serves 6.

Tested by The American Home

• cranberry fizz

1 quart (4 cups) canned cranberry juice
¾ cup sugar
1 pint grapefruit juice
1 quart gingerale

Bring cranberry juice and sugar to the boiling point. Add grapefruit juice and chill in refrigerator. Add gingerale and pour over ice cubes in tall glasses. Serves 10.

Tested by The American Home

• emergency egg nog

½ cup sweetened condensed milk
2⅔ cups water
4 eggs, well beaten
⅛ teaspoon salt
Nutmeg, or 4 pineapple spears

Blend together condensed milk, water, well-beaten egg, and salt. Chill in refrigerator until very cold. Pour into tall glasses and sprinkle with nutmeg, or add one chilled pineapple spear to each glass. Serves 4. Served with decorative sandwiches (see reverse side), this pleasing combination is ideal for informal summer entertaining.

Tested by The American Home

SUMMER ENTERTAINING

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

COMPANY COOLERS FOR TERRACE PARTIES

MENU III: *Chicken Salad Sandwiches . . . Fudge Squares . . . Cranberry Fizz*

MENU IV: *Stuffed Olive Sandwiches . . . Frozen Fruit Salad . . . Chocolate Glacé*

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

Photograph printed on back of each recipe

Minor Prophets in the Summer Border

FLEETA BROWNELL WOODROFFE

Catmint (Nepeta) as a background for a colorful step planting

Valerian (left) in a mixed border

"They make the stars to shine"—which sounds like a line from a folksong—is a brief statement of what a certain important group of plants does in every successful garden. Obviously, not every flower in our gardens can have a star role. Nor would we want it to. The effect would be about as interesting and monotonous as a pattern of unvarying polka dots!

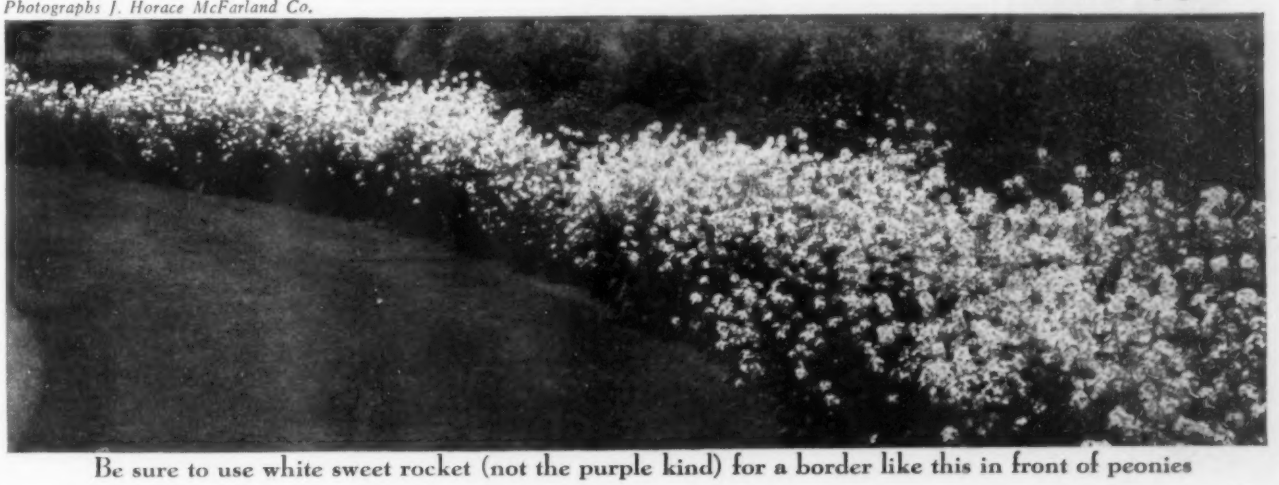
Which, then, are the flowers most gifted as accompanists? On which can we depend to step up the brilliance and attractiveness of our chosen stars? Every experienced gardener has his own answer, his own list of never-be-withouts, for personal preference, as always, dictates the final choice. But there are a dozen which score high on test, season after season. None is difficult to grow. All add a charm quite beyond telling to any garden, little or big, in which iris, daylilies, peonies, poppies, and phlox play the major parts.

White sweet rockets (*Hesperis matronalis alba*) come first to my mind because of what they do for all the bold flowers of early summer. With their loose phlox-like heads of bloom, they are admirable foils for all iris and for the Oriental poppies in all shades, from the flesh-pinks to the deep satiny blood-reds. They are enormously flattering to feathery peonies, and delightful behind the sunny early-blooming daylilies. Biennials by nature, but occasionally perennial by individual initiative, they are as easy to grow as radishes. And once you have them, the self-sown seedlings manage to flower each succeeding year.

There are no special strains available in the trade, although you will find the flowers on some plants much larger and showier than on others. Also, a calamitous purple tinge occurs occasionally. When this happens you do three things about it: Cut off the offending heads at once (they are often welcome in indoor arrangements); make sure no seed develops on that plant; and make a quiet survey of your neighbors' gardens. You may be sure that someone, somewhere has a long-established patch of the purple rockets which the bees found. Spread, as persuasively as you can, the gospel of how much lovelier white rockets look with pink and glowing red peonies than do the dingy purple ones. And don't forget to show the harborer of the dissonnant plants how enchanting the garden

[*Please turn to page 60*]

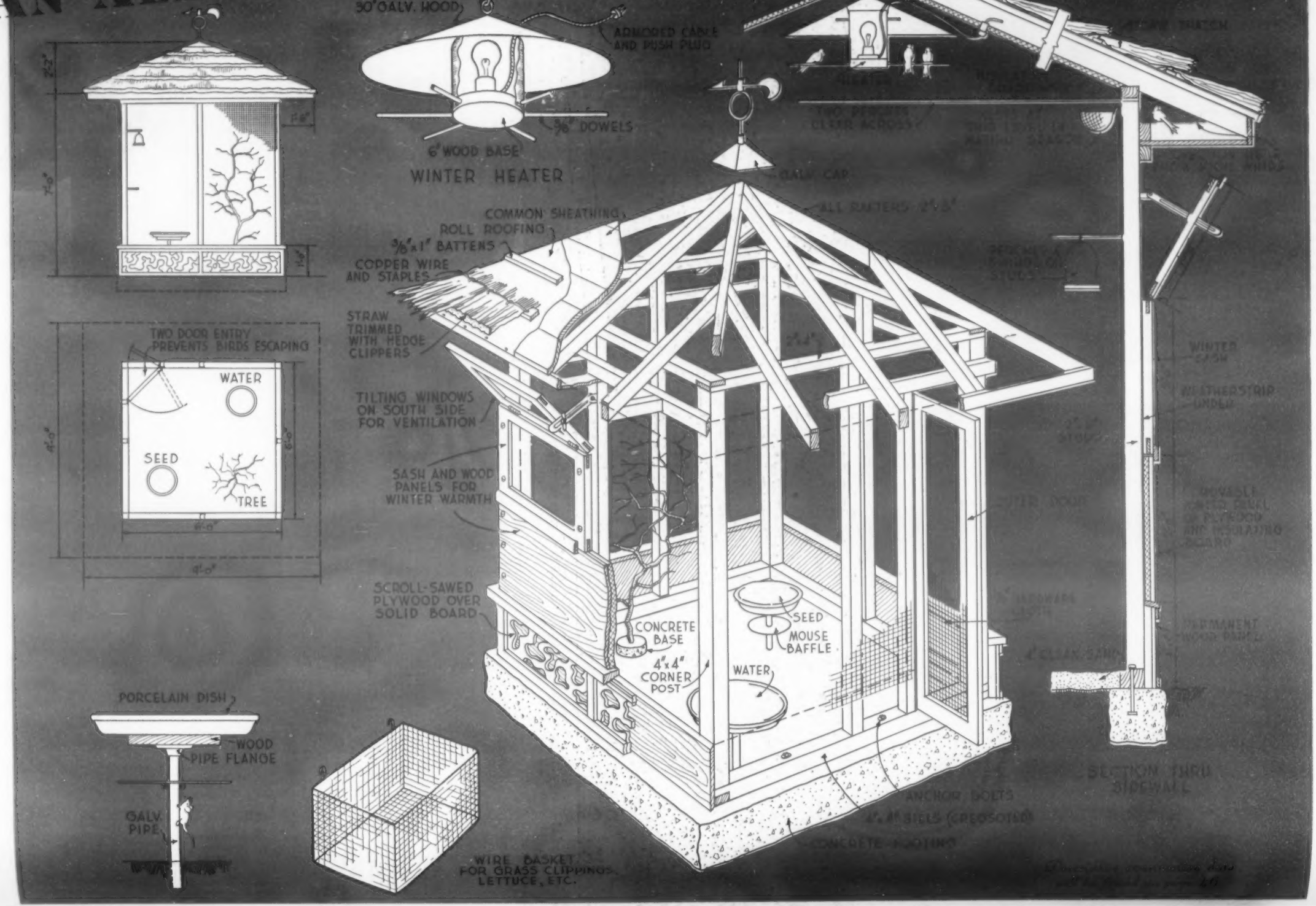
Photographs J. Horace McFarland Co.



Be sure to use white sweet rocket (not the purple kind) for a border like this in front of peonies

AN ALL-YEAR AVIARY

Designed by HI HIGLEY



Bird in Hand

The author and one of her friends

CLARA B. DEAN

Birds are the best of neighbors, wise in their living, trustingly sociable once you have won them

Two birds, a summer tanager and a black orange-breasted towhee, followed me through our ravine when I tried to show our wild garden to a visitor. Though the garden was at its best and my guest and I were enthusiastic gardeners, the birds distracted us. The birds were more alive than the blossoms, and no bloom was as colorful as the rose-red tanager or as shining as the black towhee.

My companion spoke of it. "I would be all eyes for the flame azaleas if it were not for your birds. They are not at all afraid of us, are they? I've never seen them close up like this before." Then, when the tanager flew over his head to cling to my shoulder, he said laughingly, "A regular Pied Piper, are you? I'd like to know what enchanting tune you play to lure the birds in this way."

I held out my hand to show him the small piece of moistened bread I carried. The tanager's shoe-button eyes were quicker than the man's; the bird flew to my hand, rolled a pellet of bread that stretched his beak, honked with his head on one side, and flew down the ravine with his booty. The slower towhee came for his bread when I lifted my hand to him quite cautiously.

"Food?" the man questioned. "We feed our birds winter and summer and they don't make friends with us. There must be more to it than that."

There was, yet no more than anyone with less than an acre of land and the will to make way for bird neighbors could do with little effort.

When you build on new land you take over many pleasant secret places that have belonged to generations of birds. The rotting trees that you destroy have housed woodpeckers, bluebirds, and chickadees. The honeysuckle vines you uproot have been early spring building sites for brown thrashers, catbirds, mocking birds, towhees, and cardinals, or kindred birds that nest in your neighborhood. The dried grasses that you burn are kinds that have furnished building materials for nests of many birds. Wanting to keep the birds on your premises, you destroy their necessities.

How else can you clean up your grounds and plant your gardens? With small effort and no sacrifice of beauty you can give the birds good substitutes for the things you destroy. You can even increase your bird population by having birds live at different levels as people live in apartments in towns and cities where supplies are plentiful.

Think first of homesites. Leave or plant a few great trees, the oaks and the maples perhaps, for birds that like penthouses. The robin and the blue jay will set up housekeeping in the highest places and the tanager and the vireo will feel more comfortable on the lower branches. Leave a dogwood tree for the wood thrush. Plant bushes and vines for the many low-building birds. If you must uproot honeysuckle, leave some to grow over an old fence or an old tree somewhere on the outskirts of your garden. The birds that build in bushes will build their first nests of the season in the honeysuckle before the leaves are out on the climbing roses and bushes they choose for their second homesites. For the birds that build in hollow trees you can provide houses. Thus, every bird will be pleased with the housing facilities, and each can live on his favorite level.

Shopping for bird houses with your own house in mind is fun; sometimes you can find one that is almost a replica of it. You have your choice of formal or rustic houses. Perhaps you can make bird homes as we made them from hollow trees sawed across to make sections a foot high. We used rounded boards for floors and pieces of tin, covered by weathered bark, for the roofs; made holes in the sides for doors, and supplied forked twigs for a doorstep. Hung on wires from limbs not too close to the trunks of the trees, the houses looked as if they had grown in our woods.

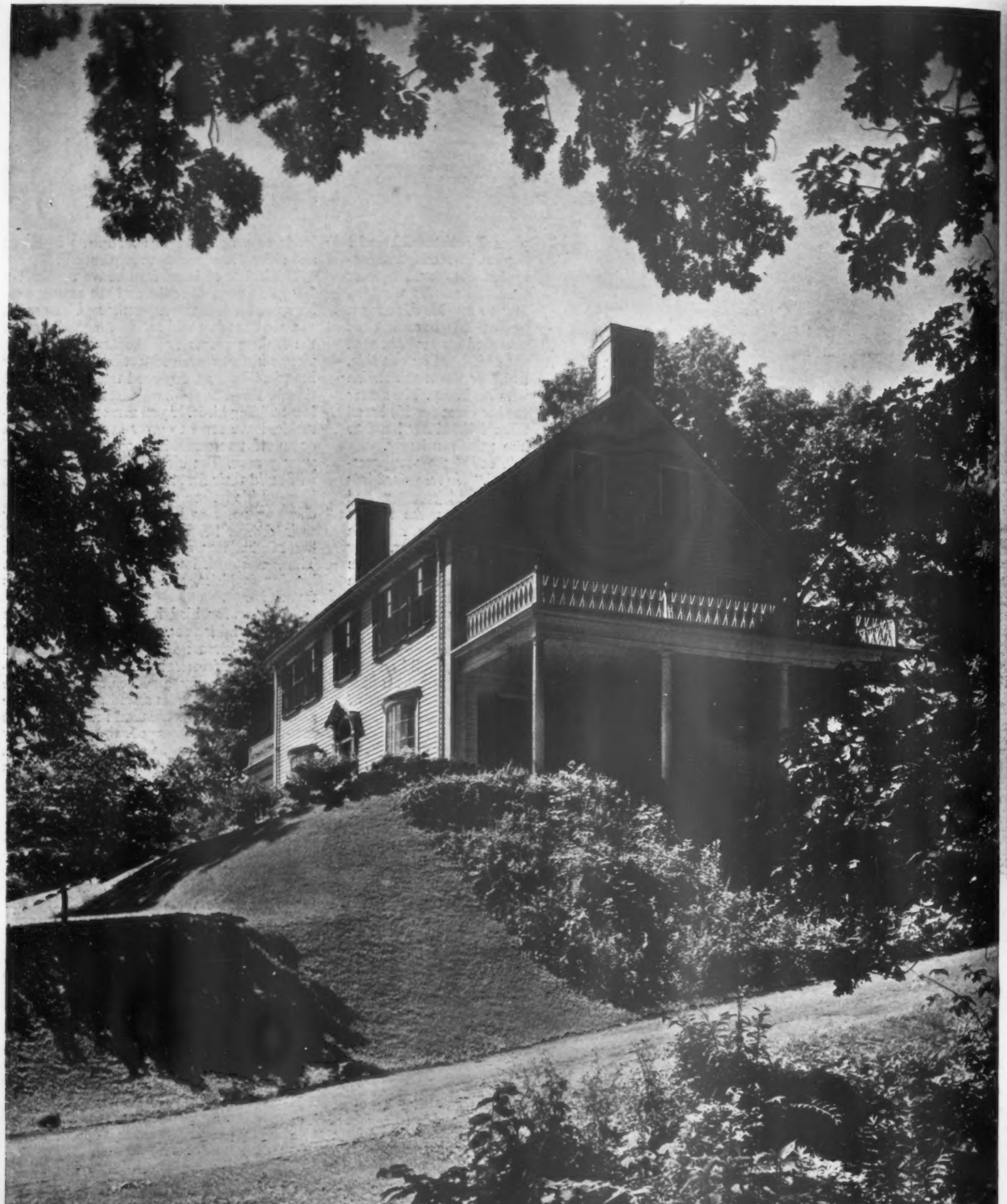
In spite of the destruction of dried grasses, birds, given a garden, will find enough material for nests. They will take small roots from trees and flowers, and moss from between stones in the wild garden. They will take the dried leaves of lilies and what grass they can find. Building materials need not concern you too much, though you might duplicate our experience in furnishing colored strips of cloth for a wood thrush nest and feel

[*Please turn to page 54*]

CHEWINK

WOOD THRUSH

MYRTLE WARBLER



High trees surround the tall chimnied house, and low, dense planting grows in natural arrangement around it and along the bank below the open side porch. The approach to the front of the house is a gradual series of low stairs, well designed and landscaped

Skillful Handling of a Difficult Plot

The Riverdale-on-Hudson home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Schell

DWIGHT JAMES BAUM, ARCHITECT

HILLTOP houses need not stand bleakly and barrenly above their surroundings nor look as if they were on stilts. Not while it is possible to treat house and grounds in as interesting a fashion as this white frame dwelling which crowns a hilly site. The steep lines of its roof accent the sharp slope in front of the house and its broad proportions give it a commanding appearance. Shrubbery, trees, and other planting tie it to the ground in an ingratiating way and the whole effect is dramatic and forceful.

The design of the house, which is the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Schell, follows New England Colonial traditions in its use of narrow siding and in the architectural detail of the cornice, entrance, porch railings, and other trim. It also has the generous size and scale of the fine Colonial homes of the eighteenth century, an agreeable feature today when so many houses have reduced the Colonial style to bandbox size. The architect designed the excellent entrance doorway, the bow windows flanking it and the fanciful wood railings especially for this house; the green, gray, and purple slates of the roof and the green shutters offer rich contrast to the crisp white walls.

Photographs by Samuel H. Gottscho

WHICH of THESE

Courtesy, Roadside Committee, Long Island Association

do you allow in YOUR community?

Courtesy, Mrs. W. L. Lauter, National Roadside Council

A community's pride shows in its roadsides. It can be stimulated by prohibiting the ugly or (more easily) by recognizing and rewarding the beautiful. The Apple Tree stand (upper left) won first prize in a Long Island contest

SYLVIA STARR WERTZ

SIGNS along the road today are certainly made "that he who runs may read." And since he who "runs" is generally doing about sixty or more, even Yankee ingenuity and wit have been sadly taxed to pack as much of a wallop into as compressed a form as possible. For instance, there is the sign we saw on a garage repair shop in the West which read, LIMP IN—LEAP OUT; another advertised THE PLUMBER THAT WORKS WITH A VIM; then there was the terse intelligence under a restaurant sign, EAT HERE, DIET HOME, which was probably not intended to be the invitation to gastronomic suicide that it sounds like when read aloud to your companion who is looking out the other side of the car.

Most of our small signs are designed with scant regard as to whether he who reads does so in spite of himself, in dismay and irritation, or, in spite of his speed, in admiration and interest. Of course if you've run out of gas and are coasting down hill praying for a filling station, any sort of sign reading GAS will seem a thing of rare beauty at the time. But if you are out for a memorable drive in new country when it's too heavenly to turn homeward at dark, the chances are you will be much more critical in choosing among the divers signs that offer CHICKEN DINNERS. And unless you are really at the end of your vacationing rope, you will be most critical of all about the illuminated sign that reads, TOURISTS, GOOD BEDS, HOT BATHS (or words to that effect). Late at night when houses are mostly in darkness, such a lighted sign is practically the only cue you have as to what may be expected of the roadside hospitality you crave at that particular time.

So the little signs that dot our roadsides more thickly each year—from the simplest FRESH EGGS scrawled in chalk on a black placard and embellished with a primitive border of egg shaped dots, to the austere black ANTIQUES on a white surface surrounded with a classic moulding or the more flamboyant WHITE HORSE INN type in gilt or neon tube lettering—all these are now bidding for our attention and approval against increasing competition. It is high time something was done to make them serve their purpose with style as well as show. If we are to tolerate their infringement on our scenery, let them be beautiful, really amusing, or—but it is probably too much to ask any but the exceptional sign to be discreet. On the other hand any of us who depend on such signs to augment the family income should realize that better signs will mean better business.

All these signs could be made esthetic assets of the countryside (several communities have proved this) and at less outlay than is called for by many of the elaborate contraptions now displayed. The need is to educate the owner or hanger of the sign, for the layman may never realize why he responds to good proportion and color; he just does it instinctively. Why, then, don't the people who put up signs do the same thing—that is, instinctively choose and use good designs? Because seeing the thing perfected in the mind's eye and knowing how to carry out the idea are two very different functions.

Just to prove that advertising can be appetizing— glance at these menus, and then at the ideas below

If every one who planned to put up a sign had a good collection of designs, all at the same price, laid before him he would probably —though not certainly, I fear—choose the best ones; but lacking such a collection, the average layman, unless able to make clear working sketches, finds it hard to translate his idea. As a result, the sign he finally gets may be a far cry from what he intended to have and may fail to "sell his wares."

It is to those people who are interested in putting up better-looking signs that we are offering a series of simple but good designs, not too difficult or expensive to execute and with drawings and descriptions that the average carpenter should have no trouble in following. We cannot resist a word or two of admiration for the few who do think up new and original names for their tea rooms. If you must have an English "tea shoppe," here is a collection of odd assorted names of actual English inns culled during a trip to the south of England: The Dun Cow, The Juniper Berry, The Haunch of Venison, The Wheat Sheaf, The Golden Rule, The Barley Mow, The Silver Cocq, The Porridge Pot, The Wool Pack, The Crab & Lobster.

And we came across innumerable Green Dragons, Crossed Keys, White Swans, Rose & Crown, etc.!

Signs can be quite fascinating things once you begin to notice them with a purpose. There are many very appropriate ones to be discovered along New England highways, but the place to see them together in their proper

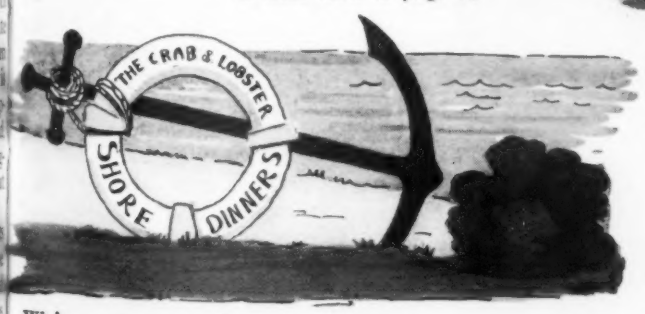
[*Please turn to page 5*]

Drawings by Joseph B. Wentz

A simple, classic design, wholly appropriate. Suggested by a sign seen at Williamsburg, Virginia

Good, simple, substantial, Colonial designs like those above and below suggest satisfying service and enjoyable hospitality

How better call attention to a source of antiques than by means of such an example as a genuine millstone? The lettering can be painted or, better, carved into the stone



Welcome signs (and accompanying planting) offer a fine chance for local atmosphere. If illuminated, the light should come from small search- or spotlights hidden by shrubbery or, as at the right, concealed in the base

A Little Red Schoolhouse Is Promoted

CATHERINE TOCHER BITTERMANN

THIS is a story of a little red schoolhouse and how it grew. Not, as one might think, into a modern place of learning, splendid in its institutional balance and symmetry of design, to which townspeople "point with pride." Oh, no! This school had different hopes for its future—cosier, friendlier.

Boys with copper-toed shoes, and girls in pigtails had come there, generation after generation, to learn to read, to write, and do arithmetic. For seventy-five years these walls had echoed the sing-song chant of recitation, had winced, perhaps, at the day-in, day-out scratching of slates, and the scuffling and clattering of hobnails; had become bored, too, as activities slackened to humdrum pace, and an uninspired attendance fell off year after year. Bigger schools and better transportation took its yearly toll of pupils. Life for the Pomona (New York) school had indeed begun to pall and soon rapidly waned away.

One day (it was fifteen years ago) the trustees closed the building "for good," saying it had outlived its usefulness. The years went by. Paint peeled off; shutters banged, and eventually were lost to the wind. A shingle here and there slid to the ground, and the ones that remained began to curl with dryness. Desolation reigned. An ordinary structure would have gone under completely if for no other reason than knowing itself to be abandoned. But not so this little schoolhouse. For *it* had character, personality, that something people are always trying to define and capture.

Happily, this rare quality was not lost to Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Dorion on whose fifty-two-acre orchard the school stood. For such feeble beckonings as the building itself could muster struck a responsive note in this

[*Please turn to page 55*]

Schuyler Lee

A local craftsman fashioned the Welsh cupboard of white pine boards from an old carriage barn. The corner cupboard is an auction sale "find" and has two concealed money drawers

Photographs by F. M. Demarest

A Reader's Home Becomes a Collector's Home

"Top of the Hill Farm," the home of Mr. and Mrs. W A. Clayton, near Titusville, N. J., is a perfect background for their interesting antiques

HOBBIES, like collecting antiques, often determine a whole scheme of living. At least that explains why Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clayton decided that this farmhouse, more than 150 years old, an admirable background for their interesting old things, would make the ideal home for them. Beginning years ago with perhaps great grandmother's spinning wheel, their collection now includes every detail—right down to the old pewter tea set on a small table before the dining room fireplace—to fit in with this unusual country home. From the front door to the daughter's small upstairs sitting room, the present owners have furnished it in the atmosphere of bygone days.

"Top of the Hill Farm," as it is called, is about a mile off the main highway, near where Washington crossed the Delaware. After crossing an old-fashioned bridge over a small creek at the bottom of the hill, you find yourself in the huge, sloping front yard. An old barn serves as a garage, with a studio-game room above it where you can watch a lively tennis match on their court at the left. There is a special place for badminton, and there are plenty of chairs and tables for outdoor living and dining during the summer months. The house itself is large and superbly constructed, with H and L hinges, brass door knobs, hand-hewn beams, and steps between the rooms.

Both dining room, top, and living room, directly above, have huge fireplaces

The big kitchen, above, recalls bygone days when grandmother spent most of her time working in the all-important kitchen

Ready for entertaining, reading, writing, or just plain resting is the daughter's gay little sitting room, above

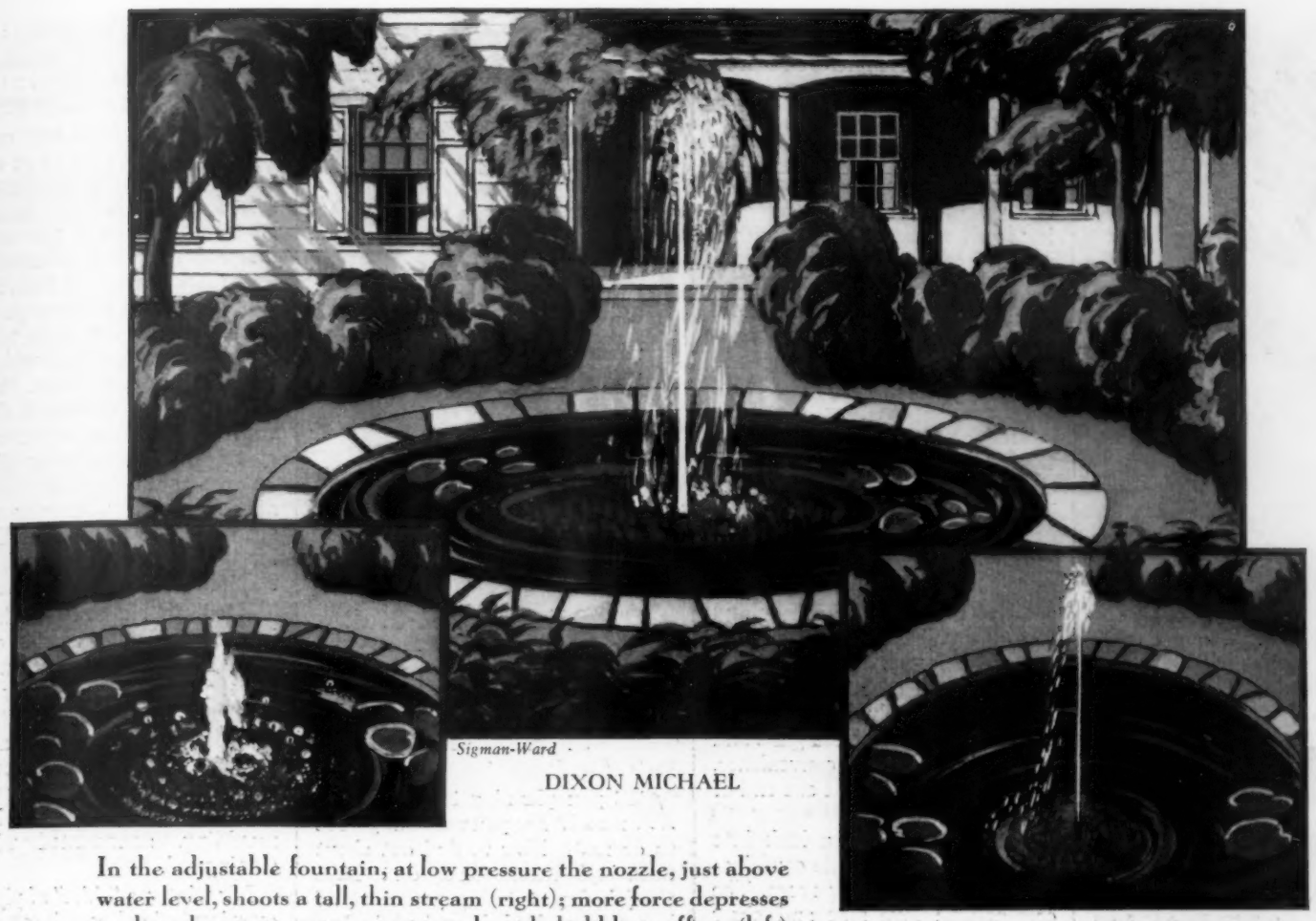
Because the living room is truly a place for living, we can understand why Mrs. Clayton remarked that "practically everything is needed and used every day." At one side of the fireplace is a spinning wheel and in front of it, near the sofa, is an old drum coffee table with heirloom demi-tasse cups and saucers and a pewter tea set. There is a handsome corner cabinet with a history of its own—one that was covered with dirty paint and wallpaper before Mrs. Clayton scraped it and found a beautiful cherry surface. Here and throughout the house hand-hooked rugs, designed and made by Mrs. Clayton, add a great deal to the atmosphere and antique blue hobnail lamps make perfect accessories. Red and white gingham slip-covers and draperies contribute to the cheer of this room that is always in use, whether for a party or just a family gathering.

An eight-foot fireplace is the most important part of the dining room. Though years ago its doors were nailed shut, they now stay open to disclose gleaming old brass and copper kettles, pots and pans that play their parts in popping corn and brewing tea. At the left is the old cherry tea table, on the other side a cobbler's bench, and against the right wall stands a sturdy dough table. Repeating the color scheme of the living room, there are bright red and white gingham draperies and tablecloths. Pewter dishes

[*Please turn to page 46*]

Colorful old glass on the built-in window shelves contributes to the extremely pleasant atmosphere of this sunroom

A canopied bed and small Victorian sofa are perfect for the bedroom above. In the center hall beyond you see a grandfather's clock



Sigman-Ward

DIXON MICHAEL

In the adjustable fountain, at low pressure the nozzle, just above water level, shoots a tall, thin stream (right); more force depresses it, disturbs more water, creates a broad, bubbling effect (left)

A Layman's Fountain for Two Dollars

OWNERS of lily pools who are looking for a simple, inexpensive fountain that is economical of water yet pleasing in effect, should find the one here described to their liking. Its total cost should not exceed $2; a handy man can make and install it in a few hours, and it will operate at average city water pressure on approximately four gallons of water an hour.

The secret of its efficiency lies in the fact that the bulk of the water it displays is picked up from the pool by a comparatively small stream under high pressure. Its inexpensiveness lies in its simplicity. A bill of materials will call for the following: A 4- to 5-foot length of 3/16-inch copper tubing. A 1- to 2-foot length of garden hose, with male and female fittings. Enough ¼-inch copper tubing (depending on the size of your pool) to reach from a supply faucet to the center of the pool, or wherever you want the fountain to play. A rigid hose bib with sleeve approximating, but not less than, ¼ inch. A little solder.

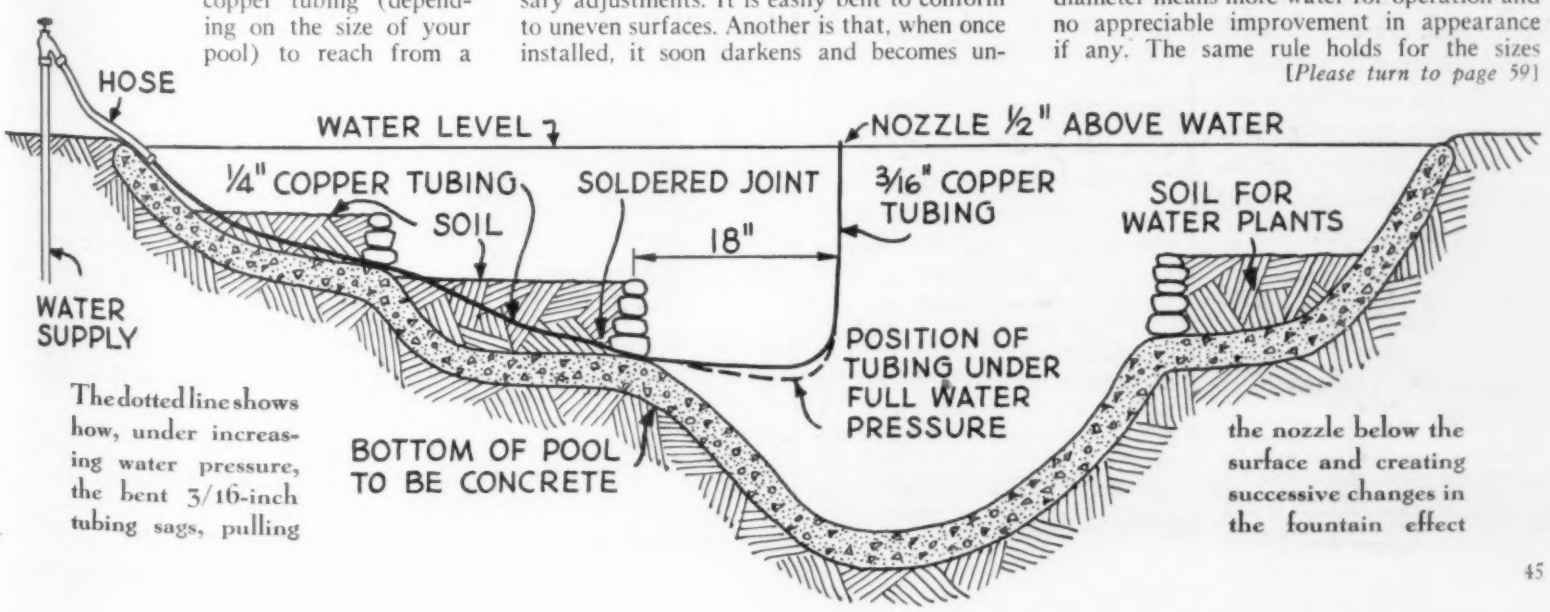
The smaller size of tubing, which fits tightly inside the larger, is forced in a half inch or more, and soldered, at one end of the length of the ¼-inch tubing. The hose bib is soldered to the other end of the ¼-inch tubing. Since this latter point is where the most strain in making connections and disconnections will come, it is well to slip the tubing all the way through the sleeve, flare it, and apply solder both inside the bib and at the outer end of the sleeve as well.

One merit of copper tubing is apparent when one comes to the job of laying the supply line in the pool and making the necessary adjustments. It is easily bent to conform to uneven surfaces. Another is that, when once installed, it soon darkens and becomes unobtrusive. And thirdly, being practically noncorroding under normal conditions, it should, with care, last indefinitely.

The sketch illustrates the adaptation of this scheme to an informal, slope-sided pool. It can, of course, be made to fit any pool. However, there are certain adjustments and two alternatives in any installation.

The play of the fountain will depend mainly on the force of the stream, which in turn will be inversely proportional to the size of the opening in the nozzle end. By dropping a small nail (with a large head, of course) into the free end of the 3/16-inch tubing, and squeezing with a pair of pliers, you can reduce the diameter of the nozzle to about 3/32 of an inch. A smaller opening than this will give a thinner and less effective stream; a larger diameter means more water for operation and no appreciable improvement in appearance if any. The same rule holds for the sizes

[*Please turn to page 59*]



The dotted line shows how, under increasing water pressure, the bent 3/16-inch tubing sags, pulling the nozzle below the surface and creating successive changes in the fountain effect

A Closet you can clean behind

THE ONE PIECE
CRANE
Manor

● If your closet is noisy or old —if its appearance is far from what you would like, or if you want the added convenience of a downstairs lavatory, you will be surprised at how little a new closet will cost you. You can have the modern convenience of a Crane *Manor* closet with its low height, beautiful distinctive appearance NOW. Made of vitreous china, easily cleaned, quiet and efficient in action. It may be placed away from the wall to permit easy cleaning. The complete Crane line includes just the closet you want —in every price range.

He will gladly show you the Crane closet just suited to your needs and tell you how little it will cost to install it. On remodeling or for new construction the Crane Budget Plan may be used.

Crane Co., 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

A reader's home becomes a collector's home

[*Continued from page 44*]

old red glass, and many interesting small accessories, each with a purpose, complete this room.

Even the kitchen, with its blue water pump and butter churn, takes us back to our grandmothers' time. The sun streams in through the wide group of windows, shining on Mrs. Clayton's collection of colored glassware. In the center of the black and white checked tablecloth is a wooden bowl of apples.

The sunroom, used every day by the owner as she designs and makes her rugs and the like, is a cheerful place with the floor and furniture painted apple green, accented by orange colored cushions and accessories. Here, too, are built-in glass shelves and a corner cupboard displaying old glass and china. For added convenience, there is a small desk at one end of the room.

Upstairs now, for a look into the daughter's gay little combination study and sitting room. The comfortable love seat and chair are slip-covered in red and white gingham, matching the draperies. Across the narrow end wall are built-in bookshelves that hold heirlooms as well as books. Just in front of these shelves you see a pair of riding boots—perfectly logical for this room that is really lived in and must take care of the daughter's hobby! Notice, too, the small desk for study and writing letters.

All of the bedrooms are furnished with interesting old pieces and most of the floors are painted, making suitable backgrounds for the rugs. In one are a small Victorian sofa and a canopied bed; in all are old chests, mirrors, and colorful hand-made spreads. In the center hall (as you see through the bedroom on page 44) stands a fine grandfather's clock.

Few houses have as much real human interest as this one. You want to stay and explore the many fascinating things.

An all year aviary

[*Continued from page 36*]

CANARIES sing best when in robust condition and they thrive best out-of-doors. The type of aviary illustrated on page 36 will give them maximum comfort and reward the builder with the satisfaction of knowing that his pets are in the best possible environment. As many as thirty birds can be accommodated together at one time in the structure shown.

In summer, the birds are protected from the hot sun by a well-insulated roof; in winter, window-sash keep out drafts and a simple heater provides warmth at night.

The framing is an easy carpentry job. If you care to go to the extra trouble, a concrete footing is recommended. If this is not used, be sure to creosote the four-by-four sills and set them directly on the ground, anchoring them if high winds prevail. The corner posts are four-by-fours, the studs two-by-threes, as are the rafters which rest upon two-by-four plates. Insulate the ceiling with wallboard, sheathe the roof with common lumber, lay on roll roofing, and over this nail battens, as shown, about 12 inches apart. Thatch with new wheat straw in the manner indicated, binding it with copper wire and staples driven into the battens.

Hardware cloth of ⅜-inch mesh is stapled on the outside of the frame, provision having been made for the doorway and inner door. The low wainscoting consists simply of a 12-inch board all around (except across the doorway) mitred at the corners. Over this is laid a scroll-sawed panel and moulding, surmounted with a sloping sill.

For winter, a "skirt" of plywood over insulating board is screwed to corner posts and studs, and above this are placed two sets of window sash with sponge-rubber weather-strip underneath to prevent drafts. The upper row of windows on the south side is made to swing out for ventilation on very mild days.

Double doors are provided so that when one enters the aviary to replenish or change water and feed the birds, they will not escape. Water and seed dishes are raised 18 inches above the ground to prevent litter slipping in; no perches are placed directly above them. In some sections, notably the Southwest, mice are likely to make their way in and eat the seed. While they do not harm the birds, they consume much seed and should therefore be shut out with heavy screen under the sand floor; or a baffle can be mounted under the seed dish, as illustrated, to repel them.

In extremely cold weather a heater under the peak of the roof will keep the birds comfortable. This is easily made of galvanized iron, with a light bulb for the heating element. The birds like the heat on their backs. A small shrub, stripped of its foliage and thoroughly seasoned will be appreciated as a perch. (Note: In the Southwest do not use pepper tree branch; the birds will not roost on it because of the exuding gum.) Select the shrub for its horizontal branches and mount it in a concrete block.

During the mating season standard wire nests are hung along the eaves. There will be a great deal of quarreling and much stealing of one another's "bedding" unless

LOOK FOR THIS HOUSING GUILD SIGN

It means a "one-stop service" for the complete job of home building or remodeling

ARE you planning to build? Remodel? Are you wondering what to do first? How to find out about financing? Whom to rely on to have the job done the way you want it? Where to go for help and advice?

You'll find the answers to all of these perplexing problems by calling the Housing Guild in your community. The Guild is made up of the leaders in your local building industry—contractors, architects, home-finance agencies, real-estate men and material dealers. These men have banded together to give you the kind of service you want, whether it is a complete new house, a major remodeling job or some minor repairs.

The headquarters of the Guild is at the office and display room of the Johns-Manville building-material dealer in your city, an established organization. A trained representative will handle all details for you—there will be one central responsibility—a reasonable price for the job and convenient monthly payments.

You will get modern materials, sound construction, correct design, up-to-date financing, identified responsibility — *in short, more for your building dollar.* Look for the sign shown above or this Housing Guild insignia:

NATIONAL HOUSING GUILD

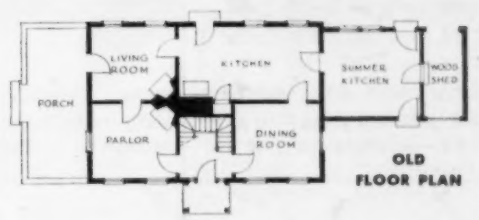
See opposite page

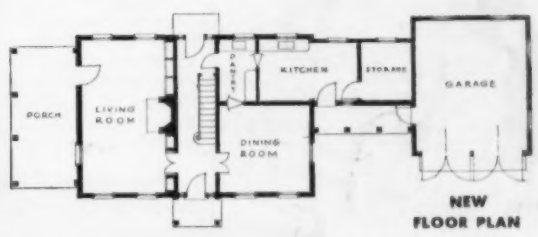
If there is no Housing Guild in your community, write to National Housing Guild Headquarters, Johns-Manville, 22 E. 40th St., N.Y.C.

STRETCHING

THE REMODELING DOLLAR

by Crawford Heath





The fourth of a series of articles on home remodeling sponsored by Johns-Manville

STRETCHING the remodeling dollar is a fine art. But, fortunately, there is a group of expert "stretchers" eager to assist you.

This group consists of government and local financing agencies co-operating to make financing costs and interest rates lower than ever before. Architect and contractor join hands to give you a top-notch remodeling job at rock-bottom cost.

And one of the leading manufacturers provides a new book on remodeling that's jam-packed with money-saving ideas, money-saving methods, money-saving materials, all helping to stretch your remodeling dollar.

It's called "The Home Idea Book," and is published by Johns-Manville in connection with their interesting prize contest. (See box, lower right.)

The remodeled home, pictured above in "before" and "after" photographs, strikingly demonstrates the dollar-stretching help offered by this remarkable new book.

Structural changes, you will note, were few and far from costly. The new roof and sidewalls of J-M Asbestos Shingles (see below) were applied right over old surfaces. And, of course, this new exterior will save money indefinitely; the shingles cannot burn, rot or split and are unaffected by ice or snow.

In creating extra rooms in unused attic and basement space, J-M decorative wall and ceiling panels were chosen and applied economically—right over old surfaces.

AND, of course, the newly installed J-M Rock Wool Home Insulation is a prime money saver. It will save up to 30% on fuel costs every winter from now on; and help reduce the drafts that so often lead to colds—and doctor's bills. In summer, room temperatures will be delightful; up to 15° cooler in hottest weather.

Articles on room arrangement and color in the house—many photos, drawings and sketches make "The Home Idea Book" invaluable. It *ought* to be read by every home owner. It simply must be read by the home owner who wishes to stretch every last remodeling dollar to the absolute limit.

And the book should also be studied by the family planning to build a new home.

In addition to pictures of new homes, floor plans, etc., it includes valuable information on the "new" National Housing Act, which makes it possible to pay for remodeling or a new house like rent in easy monthly payments with the lowest financing costs and interest rates ever offered.

Mail coupon below.

This Housing Guild Seal identifies Building Headquarters in your town. (See opposite page.)

J-M Asbestos Roofing Shingles: permanent, fireproof, maintenance-free.

J-M Home Insulation keeps homes cooler in summer, warmer in winter, saves fuel.

J-M Asbestos Siding Shingles; charm of weathered wood; but fire-, weather-, wear-proof.

WIN $10,000

(or one of 109 other cash prizes—Contest closes July 20) in J-M's "Better Homes for a Better America" Contest

1st Prize	$10,000	4th Prize	$500	7 to 10th Prizes	$25
2nd Prize	2,500	5th Prize	100	50 Prizes	10
3rd Prize	1,000	6th Prize	50	50 Prizes	5

IN a program to promote and encourage the institution of the American home, Johns-Manville will award cash prizes totaling $15,000 for the 110 best letters of not over 250 words each on the subject, "What the word HOME means to me, and the three things I learned from 'The Home Idea Book' that appealed to me most for my home."

Further contest details in your copy of J-M "Home Idea Book."

Impartial judges will award prizes for the best letters on the basis of ideas selected, originality and practical judgment used. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 20, 1938.

SEND FOR "HOME IDEA BOOK"

It contains dozens of stimulating ideas you will find helpful. 60 pages. Profusely illustrated. Send 10¢ for handling and postage.

MAIL COUPON

Johns-Manville, Dept. AH-7, 22 East 40th Street, N.Y.C. Send me "Home Idea Book." I enclose 10¢ to cover handling and postage. I am interested in the following: remodeling ☐; building ☐; Home Insulation ☐; Insulating Boards for extra rooms ☐; Asbestos Shingle roof ☐; Asbestos Siding Shingles ☐. In Canada, write to Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Laird Drive, Toronto, Ont.

Name_____

Address

JOHNS-MANVILLE BUILDING MATERIALS

1
WRINGS HANDS AS WILLIE TRIPS, SCATTERING FISH FOOD OVER JUST—CLEANED RUG
2
Lena Rue
REALIZES HUBBY'S SISTER DUE ANY SECOND — SUDDENLY REMEMBERS HER NEW BISSELL
3
GRATEFUL THAT HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL ADJUSTS ITSELF TO ANY RUG NAP — HIGH OR LOW
4
BEAMS AS BISSELL CLEANS UNDER LOW FURNITURE — STAY-ON BUMPERS PREVENT SCRATCHING
5
EXPLAINS TO SISTER "A BISSELL IS GRAND FOR QUICK CLEAN-UPS—SAVES VACUUM FOR PERIODIC CLEANING."
6
STAY-ON BUMPERS
Cleaning with a Bissell is doubly easy because you needn't worry about marring furniture — Stay-on Bumpers guard against scratches as your Bissell swoops into tight places. The exclusive Hi-Lo Brush Control makes good sweeping on any floor surface easiest with a Bissell.
Handsome new models from $3.95 to $7.50 at your dealer's
$5.95
BISSELL
The really better sweeper
Grand Rapids, Mich.

A SUPERIOR EDUCATION for Your Child . . . AT HOME

World-famous home study plan gives superior education to thousands of children not near good schools or unable to attend school. Courses for each grade from Kindergarten to High School. All books, materials and teacher guidance included. Enthusiastically endorsed by educators and parents. Low cost. Write for free catalog. State child's age.
CALVERT SCHOOL, 137 W. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore, Md.

Insist on this label
It is your guarantee of quality at a price
DEAN'S LOCKSTITCHED APRONS
At best retail stores for forty years
If your dealer doesn't carry Dean's write us.
MADE WITH DEAN LOCK STITCH
W. H. DEAN CO., 1440 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

FOR NUTRITION-FLAVOR-ZEST

SAKURA
MUSUME
CRAB MEAT

FREE — Crabmeat Recipe Book — Write: Mitsui & Co., Empire State Bldg., New York

the mating pairs are isolated in smaller pens. However, one can count on an average number of chicks surviving although the mortality rate is rather high in any case. The aviary, of course, is adaptable to other species of birds, though canaries are probably the most satisfactory.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The aviary described is based on one successfully operated by the author in Pasadena, California. Its practicability in regions of lower winter temperatures than are experienced there must be determined on the basis of climatological records and the advice of local bird authorities.*

For summer entertaining

[*Continued from page 32*]

Baked Carrot Strips

3 cups slivered carrots
3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ cup boiling water

Sliver carrot strips fine using one of those little perforated vegetable slicers. Add seasonings. Place in small inset pan of cooker. Bake 1½ hours at 325° to 350° F.

It requires some experience, naturally, before one can be sure of getting greatest service from an electric roaster. Newer models have broilers which come as separate features to be attached in the cooker lids. These will broil salmon steaks, halibut, and T-bones, bacon, and anything handled by a regulation broiling oven. With a broiler-griddle attachment one may not only do the bacon right on the porch breakfast table, but the accompanying griddle cakes as well.

As for pies, cakes, quick breads, etc., the roaster, again, will handle anything that a large oven will handle, though not in the same quantities, of course. Apple dumplings, up-side-down cakes, and shortcakes brown most satisfactorily when not baked with vegetables, meat or other moist foods. So I would rather like to slip these in just as the main-meal dishes are taken from the roaster.

Whether food is eaten at home or "cooked and carried," the electric roaster officiates and the makeshift cooking devices which Aunt Mary seasonally battled are things of the past. And it is particularly pleasant that this should be so, for when the season changes from cold to warm, we, too, are apt to want to eat "all over the state."

SERVING THE CROWD . . . **Velma Spriggs Geiger::** Whether it is a young folk's lawn party or the annual church supper, one thing is certain. It will not be a success without food. As hostess at your own party or one of the committee on arrangements for the church supper, the same question will arise, "How much food shall we need?"

Here are some general rules and recipe quantities for serving fifty persons. Men don't like food that is inclined to "run" on their plates. Men love pies of almost any kind, apple pie ranking first. Women will invariably choose a square of white cake rather than pie. Men like hearty foods, not fruit salads, etc. Brown bread is a winner over light rolls. If possible, always provide tables; men abhor balancing a tray on their knees. Keep your menu simple. Men prefer coming back for second helpings of food they really like, to a great variety of "fussy" foods.

For a successful church supper wise planning and good organization in both the kitchen and dining room are highly essential. To serve an appropriate menu, without confusion, to an assemblage of people is not a simple matter. The first thing to remember in serving a meal of this kind is that one person cannot do it successfully alone. In your club or church guild, insist upon plenty of help. Good humor is needed every minute of the day, and an over-tired committee is anything but good humored. Once every year our church group gives a pancake supper, feeding around 700 persons between the hours of five and seven-thirty. Our menu consists of all the pancakes a guest can eat, three links of sausage, maple syrup, fruit gelatin, and refilling the coffee cups as often as it is necessary. We do this for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Over a period of several years we have developed a most efficient system, dividing our workers, numbering between sixty and seventy, into four distinct committees—a kitchen crew, a dining room committee, a group that scrapes the soiled dishes, and the dish-washing group. Both men and women work on this project and the various places on the committee rotate each year. The success of this venture, reckoned not only in dollars and cents, but in harmony and friendly co-operation of the group giving the supper, is based upon the good organization within its membership.

Don't be afraid to attempt to serve a crowd. With plenty of well-cooked food, or the makings, you can safely shout, "This way folks."

Quantities for Serving Fifty

COFFEE: 5 cups of ground coffee, 2 gallons of water.
TEA: ¾ cup tea.
ROLLS: allow 1½ rolls per person.
BUTTER: 1 pound well creamed will spread 42 sandwiches or rolls.

ICE CREAM: 1 brick will serve seven generously or eight medium servings.

CAKE: one cup cake or two small cookies per person for a tea.

MEAT: ¼ pound per man serving or ⅓ pound per woman serving.

POTATOES: 1 peck; 1 quart milk, 1 cup of butter, 3 tablespoons salt will be needed for mashed potatoes.

SCALLOPED POTATOES: 6 quarts sliced potatoes, 2 quarts milk, ½ cup flour, 1½ cups butter, 3 tablespoons salt.

CORN PUDDING: 6 No. 2 cans corn; 3 quarts milk; 2 tablespoons salt; 5 tablespoons sugar; 12 eggs, beaten separately, 3 quarts bread crumbs; ¾ cup butter; ½ teaspoon pepper.

MACARONI AND CHEESE: 5 pounds macaroni; ½ cup salt; 2 quarts medium sauce; 1 cup cheese.

SALAD DRESSING: 4—6 egg yolks; 1 quart salad oil. One tablespoon of salad dressing is one serving. One pint of dressing is two cups, one cup is sixteen tablespoonfuls.

CABBAGE SALAD: 5 pounds cabbage; 10 tablespoons pimiento; 10 tablespoonfuls green pepper; or mixed pickle; dressing.

CHICKEN SALAD: 5 quarts cooked chicken; 3 quarts celery; 1 cup French dressing; 1 cup mayonnaise dressing.

WALDORF SALAD: 4 quarts apples; 2 quarts celery; 2 cups nut meats, 1 quart salad dressing.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS: 6 quarts oysters; 1½ quarts oyster liquor; ¾ cup milk; 2 quarts buttered crumbs; salt, pepper.

GRAND HAM LOAF: 3 pounds ham (ground); 3 pounds ground veal; 3 pounds ground pork; 3 cups quick cooking oats; 3 eggs; 1½ cups milk. This is excellent served cold, and slices well without breaking when warm. Served with horse radish sauce, it especially appeals to men.

Coney Hamburgers

(Grace McGrath Ellis)

(60 to 65 Servings)

6 pounds hamburger
1½ pounds ground cured ham
2 tablespoons salt
½ dozen eggs
1¼ pounds peeled chopped apples
2 teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce

Blend ingredients and shape into flat cakes making about seven cakes to the pound of mixture. Dust with flour. Brown quickly on both sides in hot fat.

Place in electric roaster preheated to 400° F. Add 1 cup of water. Cover and cook 1 hour at 325° F. Try these, too, served with buttered buns, or hard rolls, and a choice of sliced onions, tomatoes and green peppers, and dill pickles, chili sauce and catsup, for any outdoor summer supper where a crowd is to be served. The scouts supplied catsup, dill pickles, thinly sliced onions, and buttered buns with their money-makers. If the roaster is to be carried quite a distance, cook the hamburgers at 350° F. for 30 minutes, then allow them to complete cooking en route.

FRANKFURTERS: To serve 60 hungry adults use 20 to 22 pounds of frankfurters and 8 times the quantity of Barbecue Sauce. (See recipe page 30.) Remove inset pans and bake in roaster well.

AFTERNOON TEA FOR 50: 2 large lemons and 1 large orange will be sufficient if sliced and then cut in half. 1 pound salted nuts. 1½ pounds after-dinner mints, or allow one per person of chocolate-covered mints. One cup cake, a choice of two kinds of sandwiches per person.

LEMONADE: 4 cups sugar; 9 quarts water; 3 dozen lemons.

PUNCH: 2 pounds sugar; 8 lemons; 6 oranges; 6 quarts water; 1 quart tea; 1 pint grape juice; 1 pint of shredded pineapple; 1 pint strawberries; 1 quart tea.

Boston's heritage is silver

[*Continued from page 16*]

which were made by John Coney. This style, in turn, very soon was superseded by a still-upturned stem, but with a ridge down the front of it, a ridge which shortened with succeeding years. About the middle of the century the stem underwent a radical change by turning backward, with sometimes bright-cut or engraved decoration; and initials, latterly in script monograms, on the front—the preferred style ever since (see page 16). The bowl meantime was growing proportionately longer, its rattail changed to a shorter, rounded drop, with sometimes a shell, scroll, or other design on the back. The plain rounded drop continued to the end of the eighteenth century, by which time the bowl itself had assumed its present pointed form. Early in the nineteenth century the popular "fiddleback" handle, sometimes enriched with a basket of flowers or conventionalized sheaf of wheat, was introduced with a pointed and usually unornamented bowl. Tablespoons were made in greater numbers than other sizes, but with the introduction of tea-drinking, small spoons were made in the fashions of the larger size. Forks, too, on those rare occasions followed for their handles the form of spoons, but had at first only two tines.

Fashion and form change in some respects more quickly than custom! In 1700 William Congreve, in his "Way of the World," counseled: "Restrain yourself to simple Tea Table drinks, as Tea,

NO-FUSS BUDGETS!
WHEN your budget is out of kilter there's no need to get into a fuss—*or the usual stew.* Take a tin of Heinz enticing, cooked spaghetti with its blithe, scarlet sauce of pedigreed tomatoes, imported spices, mellowed, piquant cheese. Take a tin . . . heat . . . and serve. Just as is, it's a meal-in-a-million. Or combine those saucy strands with tempting tid-bits from the ice box—leftover lamb, beef or ham—or a tin of corned beef.* Heinz Cooked Spaghetti has the flair for making slim pickings taste *just great.*
QUICK—THRIFT MEAL
Spaghetti Mulligan*
Vegetable Salad Bowl
Poppy Seed Rolls
Heinz Sweet Gherkins
Fresh Fruit with Custard Sauce
* SPAGHETTI MULLIGAN
Take a half-pound tin of corned beef. Cut the meat into small pieces, and sizzle them in hot fat. Gather the meat to one side and in the other side heat up a large tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in tomato sauce. Serve the spaghetti, topped with the beef, on a heated platter.
HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE
57 VARIETIES
HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
57

SUNKIST LEMONS *bring out the* FLAVOR

SEE HOW MUCH MELON FLAVOR YOU'VE BEEN MISSING!

It must be more than coincidence that *melon* and *lemon* are spelled with the same letters. They *do* belong together!

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Chocolate and Coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorized tea table talk, such as mending of Fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends."

These three "tea table drinks" had been introduced into the western world within a decade of each other, and from the mid-seventeenth century were to prove increasingly popular, although at first in some circles tea was looked upon with definite distrust, and in others was valued for its therapeutic quality! The earliest English silver vessels for these beverages were each in the same tall tapering form, but by the end of the century small pots based on Oriental ones were made for tea. Coffee and chocolate continued to have as their mark of differentiation a covered hole in the cover, to insert a rod with which to stir the thick chocolate.

A chocolate pot made by John Coney in 1701 (see page 15) shows definitely Oriental derivation, has its handle at right angles to the spout, in early style, and a finial on the cover removable at its cylindrical section. A handsome coffeepot, made eighty years later for Paul Dudley Sargent whose arms it bears, is the work of the patriot-silversmith Paul Revere, whose father, Apollos Rivoire, was an apprentice of John Coney.

The tea table group (see page 16) was photographed in a New England room, in date about 1740; its selection of contemporary objects is based on an eighteenth century painting showing similar globular shapes, handleless teacups, and the separate tripod table for the teakettle. In the painting, a lady holds a similar caddy (its mate near by in their leather box) measuring tea into its domed-shaped cover, and a servant pours from the kettle to the teapot. The sugar bowl is not shown, but since Jacob Hurd (1702-58) who made the teapot of our picture also made a covered bowl of globular form as companion to a similar teapot, we have felt justified in adding it to our group. In several paintings of this period the teacups were shown inverted in their saucers, in some a cloth covered the tea table, and in one a spoon was shown in the teacup; but to these, too, we did not adhere! Following the style of creampot herein depicted was a long-lipped one with more bulbous body which stood on three scrolled legs. Thereafter they followed in contour the evolutions of the teapot and sugar bowl.

A transitionally shaped teapot from the shop of John Coburn (1725-1803) is beautifully engraved with the coat-of-arms of the Pickman family and a decorative shoulder band. The ensuing pear-shape of the aforementioned coffeepot is also seen in the sugar bowl made by Paul Revere for Lucretia Chandler in 1762. For her, also, he made a similar creampot, and the beautiful tray (see page 15) with its enriched border; all engraved with the Chandler coat-of-arms. The repoussee decoration on the bowl was much more fashionable in England, under the skillful hand of Paul Lamerie and his followers, than it seems to have been in these colonies where, for the most part, beauty of form and texture seemed to suffice. In the nineteenth century, this decoration was again to have a vogue—and an unfortunate one, since many fine pieces of an earlier day were reworked in a manner not consistent with their style. A plain cylindrical teapot came next into fashion, but perhaps because of its stylistic coincidence with Boston's famous Tea Party, seems not to have been made here in great numbers. The one we have is also by the patriot, Paul Revere, who made it in 1782.

Seldom, if ever, before the last quarter of the eighteenth century, judging from probate records, silversmiths' account books, and existing pieces, were complete "tea services," as we know them today, made. Already mentioned is Hurd's teapot with matching sugar bowl; and Lucy Dudley in 1756 bequeathed to one niece "my Silver Tea Pott and Cream Pott that have her family arms on them" and to another "my silver tea kettle." Of the forty-six teapots recorded by Revere in his ledgers kept from 1761 to 1797 (though we know he did not include all his work therein) but fourteen had accompanying "tea equipage," and only half of these had both creampot and sugar dish. Two of the forty-six had additional items: a caddy, sugar urn, and creampot were made with his teapot for John Templeman in 1792; and in 1793 a coffee urn, sugar urn, and cream pitcher were made for Burrill Carnes; both these sets, happily, are known today. The coffee urn was another new-fashioned piece, of which Oliver Whipple had imported one from England in 1786-87, engraved with his own and his wife's initials. Beginning in 1788, Revere records stands to accompany his teapots, and really as an integral part of them, since without the stands the flat-bottomed pots then in favor when filled with hot liquid would have been distinctly detrimental to the polished mahogany surfaces they doubtless graced. Of this last era is the tea service made by Revere in the elliptical form, then very much in vogue, for tea and dinner table appurtenances. In the pleasant custom of the eighteenth century it was a presentation set and inscribed: "To Edmund Hartt Constructor of the Frigate *Boston*. Presented by a number of his fellow citizens, as a Memorial of their sense of his Ability, Zeal,

Mrs. Robert Morris

Mr. and Mrs. Morris and their two daughters live at Arlington, New Jersey. Mrs. Morris writes:

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"The good butter, eggs and milk I put in the baked foods I make for my family," adds Mrs. Morris, "cost too much to be trusted to cheap, doubtful baking powder.

"I've learned from experience that Cream of Tartar baking powder is the kind to depend on for sure results, and I'm teaching my daughter that Royal is a real economy."

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& Fidelity in the completion of that Ornament of the American Navy 1799."

Early in the nineteenth century the marvels of machinery brought about a change in taste—but happily we are now learning to appreciate the satisfaction in fine line and form, and the luster given to the metal in the painstaking production of wrought silver.

"Of course I treat my child as a person"

[*Continued from page 26*]

which is ordinarily given an adult, responds with the graciousness of an adult. If he doesn't, the adults themselves have been at fault somewhere along the line.

"My children don't tell me anything," many parents complain. And little wonder. Mother told the bridge club with some amusement last week what Mary said about the boy next door, and reported glibly John's secret high ambitions.

And it may not be simply violation of confidences that leaves parents out in the cold. Father protests to infinity that he really is interested in what the youngster is telling him. If he actually isn't, any child will know it and conceal his thoughts accordingly. Edith, full of the subject she was preparing for a school debate, told her parents enthusiastically why there should be a retail sales tax. The only response she got was "Well, Dad, our little girl is quite a politician, isn't she? Don't forget to drink your milk, Edith."

Suppose Barbara comes home from school enthusiastic about starting a camera club. Mother is busy planning the weekly menus and manages only an occasional "Uh-huh," "I suppose so," or "That's nice." Not very encouraging for Barbara, certainly. Sally's little stories about what John said to her and what she said to him may not be the most interesting conversation Father and Mother ever heard, but some day what Sally and John say to each other may be very important. If Mother has listened with only half an ear, she needn't be surprised if a few years hence Sally tells her nothing about the boy to whom she writes letters every day.

Parents are busy people, but it will pay them if they can act reasonably intelligent about their off-springs' interests. Dorothy collects stamps; do you know anything about them? What is the latest fad over at the high school? Don is on the swimming team. Do you know who broke the national backstroke swimming record? Parents who stay young and make real friends of their children respect those children's interests.

Nor do the youngsters have to tell their parents everything. Cross-examinations will surely be resented. Many things are neither important nor interesting. Besides, everybody has a right to his own thoughts. A parent who pries into the very corners of his child's life and thoughts and doings is apt, for his pains, to lose what contacts he had previously.

The sharing is not all one-sided. Children have a right to know something of their parents' lives and thoughts, and they should have a place in family councils. Father and Mother have sold the farm and plan to move across the county before they tell Louise. And yet they are surprised, and hurt, that she suddenly announces she is enrolling in a commercial school instead of entering nurses' training school.

Of course childish ideas are often silly (as, indeed, are many adult conceptions, for that matter). About the only remedy for this immaturity is experience and the benefit of the experience of others. A man of fifty-odd years was recently overheard seriously discussing New Deal policies with a lad of fourteen. It was good for both of them. But most important of all was the self-respect that fairly radiated from the boy. What children are more accustomed to meeting is "You don't know what you're talking about," or "Don't worry about that till you're older."

"Our children are the ones to be lectured about showing proper respect," scores of parents are bound to retort, resentful as children at receiving criticism. Times really have changed and modern children are outspoken. They have been taught to be critical, to reason for themselves, to think things through. It might be a good thing if parents took such criticism to heart instead of administering a lecture on filial respect. They give criticism freely. If they are good sports they will show that they, too, can "take it" Discuss the question at issue with the child, as if he were your equal. Chances are both sides will find a glimmer of the truth in the other person's viewpoint. A sense of humor is a great help. And above all let no parent say, "Now I don't want to hear any more about it. We won't discuss the matter any longer."

Perhaps parents are right, and children don't respect authority. It may be the way authority is enforced. We begin to train a child for self-reliance, and then we suddenly become frightened. The child isn't ready to meet the world; he will surely make mistakes. And so we try to help by becoming domineering, by ordering him to do what we say because we "know best." Any child needs control and guidance. But

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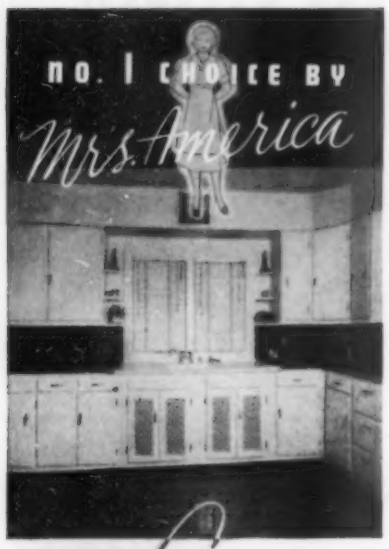

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he also needs freedom. Some things he will simply have to learn for himself, and all a parent can do is to give advice, as to a friend. Then, as friends, parent and child can arrive at decisions together. Only then will the child really respect authority.

Old quilts tell a story

[*Continued from page 10*]

ferent signature, it is more than likely they were made by one needleworker; a characteristic technique peculiar to the workmanship points to one pair of hands, since twenty-five women, however expert, could not have produced such uniformity.

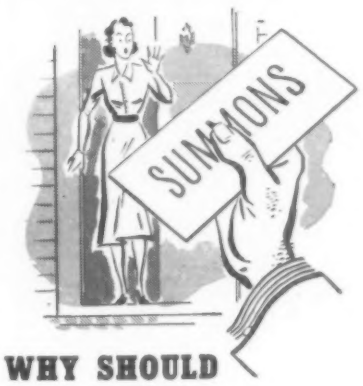
Though the quilt's personal history was not available to us, it was obviously made for a bride. One revealing block showing a liberty blue anchor encircled with voluptuous full-blown roses bears the inscription in elegant handwriting, "In the Port of Bliss," signed, "Lizza Reynolds."

Central interest is furnished by a spirited American eagle, the Flag and Shield, inscribed, "E Pluribus Unum" and "Albert Muzza." The good ship *Alabama* with billowing yellow sails and all flags flying, carries an ecstatically engrossed couple on her forward deck. As this part of the design bears the name "Susan Catz," there is no way of being sure if Susan was the happy girl or whether it was Lizza who was sailing toward the "Port of Bliss"; or, for that matter, whether Albert, holding central interest in the quilt, was the figure of importance to the bride. At the right of the ship there is a tree under whose dense shade an overfed and slightly wooden terrier ogles a not-too-shy dove, with the name "William Parish." The valentine heart motif enclosing two more hearts and a pair of doves was sponsored by "Mrs. E. Gapes." Next to upper left, there is a house before whose fence a young lady in pantalets, carrying a basket on her arm, walks with her dog; two quite handsome white geese keep carefully ahead; "Jacob Miller's" name adorns the space between the chimneys. Regal and aware of his male grandeur, a gorgeous peacock poses (lower right) in a rose tree; his plumage is ingeniously suggested by the employment of a wavy, iridescent print, but the "eyes" in his tail feathers have been produced by applying additional tiny patches of turquoise blue. "John Bush" signed this block. Other legible signatures were: Mary Parish, John Parish, Henry Bush, Prudence Bush, Mary Bush, Eliza Bush, Mary James, Mary Liza Larkin, Charlotte Miller, Sophia Miller, Amelia Cadis, George Boerie, Sallie Mitchell, Joshua Harrington, and Sarah Price. Most of the signatures bear the date 1851. A red, white, and blue border, over which was quilted the shell pattern in triple lines, makes an effective frame for a supremely lovely piece of needlecraft.

Although little verifiable biography enlightens the genesis of the merry Housman Quilt, the spirit of a locality animates it and it is vibrant with sentiment, symbolism, and the interests of a family. It was made in 1859, which is not old as quilts go. The present owner inherited it from an aunt whom she had seldom seen and she knows only that it was made in the Housman family which had Dutch ancestry; historical records show them to have lived on Staten Island as early as 1675. It is believed that some young son of the Housmans emigrated to Pennsylvania where he married a girl born and bred to German traditions. Being, therefore, well versed in local folklore, her patchwork took on the exuberant quality of a regional document which, at her passing, went to the Staten Island branch of the family.

Occupying central position is the red calico homestead with building-stones, window-sashes, doorways, and chimneys embroidered in chain-stitches; ornamental stitchery is so often seen superimposed on the appliqué work of Pennsylvania-made quilts, it is tempting to call it characteristic. On both sides of the date have been placed pineapples, domestic symbol of hospitality. One of them, pieced of tiny rectangular patches hardly as large as your own small fingernail, has acquired a remarkably realistic effect. Left of center are two formalized trees of life, a little stark and primitive, but often seen in this form on other pieces of local handiwork. On each side of the house are more naturalistic, fruit-bearing trees under whose branches cocks and hens strut and feed. Baby's hands, scissors, and the baby's cradle over which hovers the dove, in this instance symbol of innocence, suggest woman's occupations. The capacious coffee mug, fancifully inscribed "John Demorest," and the Masonic and Odd Fellows' emblems, indicate masculine tastes and interests. There is speculation in the meaning of the Punch-and-Judy-looking figures; they may be Grandpa and Grandma Housman; one or both may have had the disconcerting habit of mislaying his or her spectacles. Under the debonair horseman in orange breeches and green coat, "Euphemia" is stitched in outline; there is sad implication in the little riderless pony who, by the way, carries an English saddle.

Of not so personal but more



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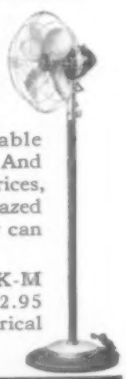

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general interest are the flower forms. Left of the house is seen a conventionalized passion flower. The lute as a motif was often employed by music-loving people, while oak leaves (top row, right of center) bring to mind German songs and stories; it is written that in ancient oak groves Germanic forebears worshiped their gods and held their communal assemblies. In Pennsylvania the double rose, fuchsia, pomegranate, and tulip are constantly recurrent motifs in the adornment of dower chests, household utensils, and needlework.

Your old quilt may be decorated lavishly with hearts or there may be just one tucked away unobtrusively in a corner; the presence of a heart or a dove indicated a bride's quilt, for hearts are tokens of love in every land. In the Housman Quilt a circle of hearts has been arranged in a round patch. The Star and Crescent (upper right-hand corner of the quilt) painted on a barn was a potent talisman to ward off unfriendly spirits from cattle and still other symbols had the property to insure prolific increase. Left of the Star and Crescent is the St. Andrew's Cross; though more often placed in a circle, in this quilt it has been set in a square. The St. Andrew's Cross, sure protection against sorcery, was a favorite hex mark. For instance, a witch, placing her hand on a door-knocker into which the occupant of the house had previously had the foresight to cut a St. Andrew's cross, would be rendered helpless and impotent. Tools and guns, so marked, never disappeared or behaved badly.

In the Housman quilt a green leaf appliquéd close to the corner of each unit block becomes a group of four leaves when the blocks are set together; leaves cut in three lobes supply a pleasing border finish. This piece is owned and shown by courtesy of Mrs. Frank Carroll.

In the category of patriotic inspiration there is a fine old Liberty Quilt made by Hannah Childs of Warren, Rhode Island. Very soon after Congress formally adopted the device which is now on the Great Seal of the United States of America, the eagle was used lavishly by craftsmen and needleworkers to embellish furniture, china, woven textiles, and even the patch quilt.

Not much is known of the quiltmaker's early history. Hannah Childs became Mrs. Wood. In time, her son, Jonathan Perry Wood, married a Pennsylvania-German girl named Mary Heckathorn; the couple emigrated to Dayton, Ohio, and the cherished Liberty Quilt went with them. All of Jonathan and Mary's children and some of their children's children were born in Dayton, including the granddaughter, who is the present owner of the quilt.

The President's Wreath is happily illustrative of the fine and even distinguished workmanship expended on patch quilts. Louisa Kline was born in 1824.

At twenty-one, having been engaged for a short time, Louisa announced to friends that her wedding day had been set. There commenced a great cider making, cake baking, dressmaking, and housecleaning on the farm; turkeys were roasted in the great round red-brick oven which stood out-of-doors and then they were stored in the cool cellar. All the usual preparations for festivity, dear to the heart of the Pennsylvania-German, animated the Kline household for a week before the important day. When the hour finally arrived every inch of the house, porch, stone steps, and walk had been scrubbed.

People stood around and waited; the men smoked and talked about the crops and strolled toward the barns; the womenfolk sat in parlor and gossiped. There was a flurry when the minister arrived and there followed some joking and teasing at Louisa's expense because the bridegroom was late. By sundown those left of the wedding party were looking pretty grim. Some of the guests stayed and waited all night, others went off in wagons and on horseback. But the disappearance of the young groom on the day of his wedding remained an unsolved mystery. She lived to be a "dear old lady," never married, and died at eighty-three.

Old glassware

[*Continued from page 24*]

Grape. The glass is heavy and brilliant. Tall, narrow panels are ornamented with lovely stippled leaves and clusters of fruit in high relief. The handles are heavy, stippled vines.

Another fruit pattern of merit, christened Fig, later was known as Gypsy, Double Pear, Twin Pear, and Baltimore Pear. The last is the title by which it now is recorded. The feature of this design is two pears, one overlapping the other. They are shown in brilliantly clear glass and stand out in high relief against a leafy background. The strawberry, too, and the barberry, the cherry, and blackberry were favorite subjects.

A glassware that is essentially early in atmosphere is the Ribbed Palm. Clear, palm-leaf, fanlike leaves stand out against a ribbed background. It is a pattern of simple elegance that combines good taste and fine quality. Another, very similar in effect and one that combines well with

A WORD WITH THE BABY

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I am Mil-li-cent Moo-cow. I make good milk for you. My milk must be clean to keep you health-y. Good dai-ries keep my milk clean with A-lu-mi-num. They put A-lu-mi-num Hoods on milk bot-tles. Moo-rah for dai-ries who use A-lu-mi-num Hoods!

For mothers, here are more facts: These hoods are made of the same pure Aluminum in which you cook food. They can't give milk a foreign taste or odor. They are tamper-proof, waterproof, germ-proof. They cover the pouring lip and keep it as sanitary as the inside of the bottle. Ask your dairy. ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1901 Gulf Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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FRIENDLY TO FOOD

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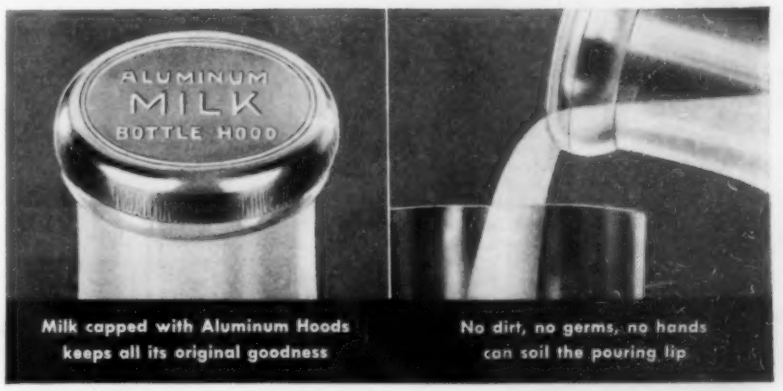

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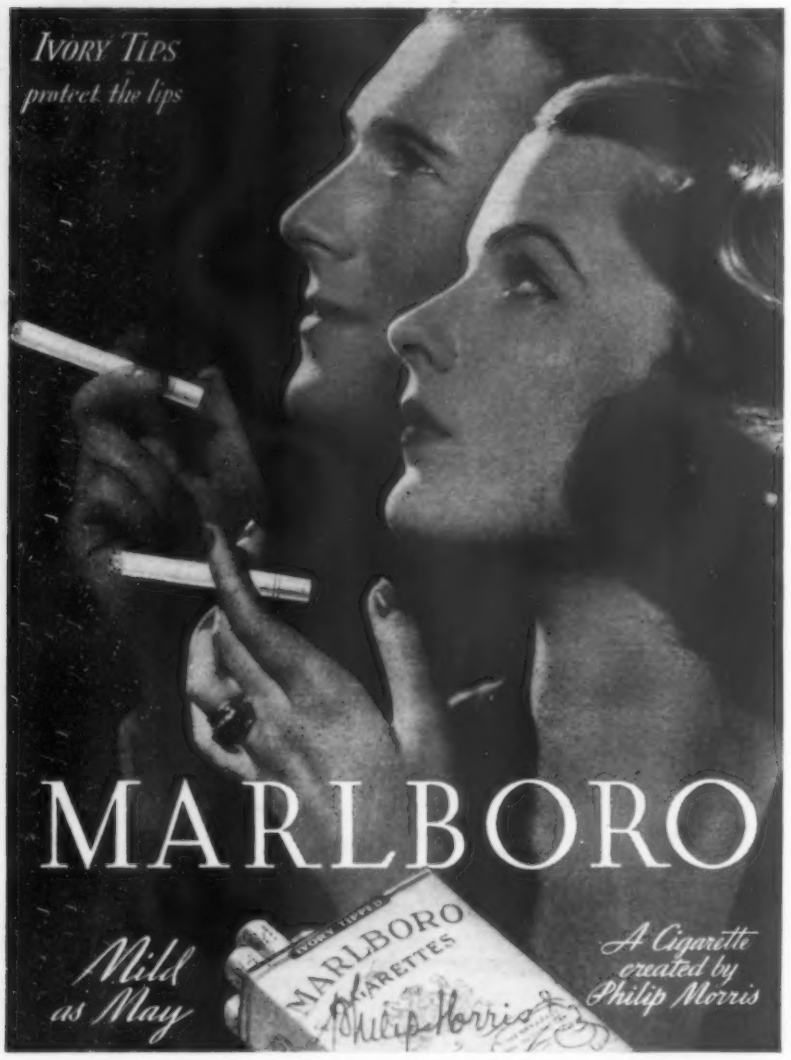

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Ribbed Palm, is known as Inverted Fern. Other pleasing leaf patterns are Anthemion, Ivy-in-Snow, Maple Leaf, Double Vine.

Even the fence that defined the garden boundry was not overlooked. Its memory is preserved in a pattern called Picket.

Surprisingly enough, an arrangement called The Garden of Eden is to be found. A central figure suggestive of a fig is surrounded with a conventional leaf-like all-over design, which seems to allude to the Bible passage, "and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." A tree log, representative of the tree of knowledge, and the tempter in the form of a serpent's head, are to be found on some of the pieces.

Long ago, someone said, "Them as has it the most, sees it the quickest." In the light of this assertion, the pattern makers of yesterday's glassware must have had souls brimming with conceptions of the beautiful, for they were able to create uncommonly beautiful things from the most commonplace origins.

Bookmarks for memories

[*Continued from page 18*]

are some quaint designs found.

The Wedding bookmarks run true to form. Of purest white ribbon, with a folding card attached. Quaint wording was used on the outside flap—"Kindest wishes for your United Happiness." The Anniversary tokens were along similar lines. Birthday markers usually carried our familiar "Many happy returns of the day."

The Christmas series is really the most interesting in many ways. Their decorations depart radically from our present-day acceptance of the red and green holly and berry motif, and it is not unusual to find a wintry scene with snow-covered houses and churches and leafless trees mounted on sky-blue, lavender, or yellow ribbon. Perhaps it is these strange vagaries that make the era so intriguing.

The children were not forgotten in these little remembrances, and much thought was given to their pleasure. A pair, which brings me back to my childhood, represents the Saturday night bath, although carrying a Christmas greeting.

The Easter or Religious bookmarks are exquisite to behold, vividly proclaiming the season they represent. They are mounted on rich dark purples, yellows, blues, pea greens, and pinks, often forming Easter crosses. Figures of angels abound, some bearing clusters of lilies, and all singing the Alleluia. Many designs are simply stiff paper or cardboard, carefully die-cut in the form of crosses, heavily embossed with flowers. Violets seem to be a favorite. The celluloid crosses came into vogue later. Their handsome and chaste appearance, white, with purple lettering, and with long tassels of silk cord, shows the trend toward more modern ideas.

When surrounded by the literal basketful of Christmas greeting cards of today, I am inclined to sit and muse over these fragile tokens of another day.

Bird in hand

[*Continued from page 37*]

pride in a home that waves bright banners in all the breezes. (Remember too, the golden nest made by the linnets on the Burpee seed farm in California out of the yellow flower heads and stems of helipterum, an everlasting.—Ed.)

Summer shelter is not the only problem. Birds need the protection of evergreens in winter. Arborvitae and cedar give snug parking places when winter winds have torn the leaves from the other trees. Evergreen shrubbery planted on the south side of the house will be filled with grateful birds who need the warmth reflected from the walls. Hemlock trees with branches sweeping the ground will furnish warm snow houses when snow piles atop the limbs.

The problem of shelter settled, provide water for your birds. Among the many different kinds of bird baths that can be bought there is always one that fits your garden, one that can be made a center for planting. And, as with the houses, you may make a bird bath for your needs. If you have a rock garden, you may want to make a bath of two rounded stones cleverly cemented to look like one large rough stone with a shallow depression in the center.

There has been a revival of building old wells. Why not make a bird bath that follows the lines of a well? One of stone or brick is most pleasing to the birds. Plant a Van Fleet rose to climb over the roof or over a cedar post

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between two uprights on either side of the well and you will attract shy birds that feel secure in a hiding place so close to water. Some of the rare birds, ordinarily seen only through field glasses, come to our "well" for their water.

And do keep the water fresh. There's a bit of trouble worth the effort; the wood thrush alone will repay you. I have heard that the wood thrush is a distant bird, having little use for gardens, but we have won him with fresh water. No other bird so loves his bath, none splashes so often and so long, none is so proud in his preening. When the wood thrush has fluffed his feathers and sung for you, you will be glad you have given him cause to sing.

And, last of all, feed the birds. Feed them in winter when food is scarce, of course. Feed them in nesting time if you would win them, for that is the season when their need of food drives them to trust the giver. Keep suet and grain (baby chick scratch feed, sunflower seeds, and other grains) in the feeding stations. Plant berry-bearing trees and bushes—hollies and dogwoods, wild cherries, mulberries, hackberries, and, given space, even the humble pokeberries. Let sunflowers go to seed and watch the finches discover the harvest.

Once you have known the birds, you will feel that a garden without them is as lonely as an unoccupied model house—well arranged, perhaps, colorful, almost satisfying, but wanting life to complete it. A garden is not finished with its bloom; it is alive only when it is a bit of earth made beautiful, where birds know storms and sun, where homes are built and coquettes dance and couples mate and work, where children are born, where youngsters learn to fight and to fly. No real garden is ever set apart from living; and each summer is a lifetime of comic, tragic, joyous, burdened living for every small neighbor who builds his home on your hospitable grounds.

Barbers' bottles

[Continued from page 12]

dealer in Kansas who was disposing of quite a large number for a collector who had obtained them throughout Kansas and Colorado some years ago. Another exception should also be made to a statement farther above: we once discovered a large number of gorgeous bottles at a dealer's in a near-by city, but the prices were so high that we sorrowfully turned away, hoping to return sometime with a fatter purse.

These bottles make a most colorful and interesting display, and they never fail to attract attention. Many women collect perfume bottles. Many also collect decanters and the flasks and odd bottles of early days. But it is surprising how few even know just what these are. When seeing them for the first time, many will exclaim, "But what are they? Are they vases?"

Among ours are the following especially pretty ones: an amethyst with Dutch mill in cameo; and amethyst with seated girl, in cameo; a pair of deep blue ones with tennis girl and boy in the costume of the 'Nineties, in cameo; a pair of white stars and stripes overlay; two sprays of lily-of-the-valley, a green and a blue, decorated alike with Grecian profile, and bowknots in white enamel; a cranberry inverted thumbprint; a shaded cranberry; two milk glass ones decorated with flowers and with "Bay Rum" printed on them; and a pair of pink and white overlay.

There are many odd shapes among them, but all have the long neck. Some have a little bulge in the neck, thus facilitating work as the barber grasped the bottle and shook its contents over his customer's head, preparatory to a good shampoo.

For a bright, pretty item to collect, one not too expensive, scarce enough to be interesting in the collecting, and one certainly intimately connected with a common enough phase of American life, let me recommend barbers' bottles.

A little red schoolhouse

[Continued from page 42]

imaginative couple. They found themselves visiting the shabby old school time and time again. And one day they came across a home-building contest in a magazine. That clinched it! They would do it! They would remodel the little red schoolhouse into a home! The natural setting was perfect, in that most picturesque section of Pomona known as Pig Knoll. Hazily, they had known for years that some day, somewhere, they would try their hand at something of the sort. And now that idea had been inspired to action. By a one-room building on their own grounds!

It would make a very much better story if, at this point, I could tell you of a long series of dreadful mistakes that these two amateurs made and how gloriously they had risen above them, and in the end, conquered all! But even if the truth is less thrilling, I must tell you that Mr. Dorion's plans really worked, and operations literally sailed along until the complete transformation, as pictured, had taken place. But I felt better about it when they confessed that all along

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they had never been quite sure where the doors were going to "happen." In the end, however, the owners themselves were so well pleased with their remodeling project that they decided they really didn't care what anybody else thought of it. They never entered the home-building contest!

Solid, honest construction marked every step of the way. The original foundation of laid-up stone was reinforced and made permanent with concrete. A carpenter was engaged until the frame was up, and from that point Mr. Dorion managed himself, with the help of what he calls "hammer and nail men."

A combination of concrete, battened white pine boards and cedar siding, completely insulated, and topped by slate roofing, made for an exterior that is sturdy, interesting, and historical since almost all of the materials, including the windows, have a past. The slate roof was reclaimed from an old carriage barn in Nyack-on-Hudson which Mr. Dorion had bought for the purpose of razing. It hadn't been his idea to use the wood construction, but when a lumber company offered him his choice of hardwood flooring, with $20 to boot for every thousand feet of the white pine from the barn, Mr. Dorion thought better of these wide old boards. They finally were used, not only to make floors, but some of the exterior walls, and furniture as well! Fully an inch in thickness, this flooring was laid, paint-side down to preserve the boards and at the same time to simplify the sanding process. When the electric sanding machine had done its work, Mrs. Dorion stepped into the picture to apply a coat of orange shellac. After going over every inch of the flooring with sandpaper, she applied a second coat. Waxed, these floors now made a beautiful setting for the old hooked rugs, antiques, and second-hand treasures that the family had garnered from many a sale.

The 21 x 14 foot living room and the 12 x 11 foot dining room are separated by suggestion more than by actuality, thus creating an air of spaciousness from every downstairs vantage point. The kitchen gives evidence of what perfect planning means to a small room. Exposed to the south and east, it's a sunny workshop for the Lady of the House, complete with cabinets a-plenty and that crisp, precise air of competency that bespeaks excellent meals, perfectly prepared and gracefully served.

And, speaking of serving, you should see the Welsh cupboard in the dining room that was made from more of those old barn boards! I was torn between admiration for that and a fine old corner cupboard that was picked up for a song somewhere or other, whisked off to be restored, only to be returned excitedly by the cabinetmaker. In working over the piece, he had discovered two secret drawers. Revealed by sliding panels, these money boxes have crude pulls of coarse wire. The inner part of the cupboard has been painted a radiant blue.

A large bedroom and a typical boy's room (all nautical and horsey) lead off from the living room. The bath adjoins the master bedroom. Upstairs, Mrs. Dorion shows what can be done in spite of low-hanging eaves, to create an attractive, airy double room. A child's nook, set apart by a gable from the room proper, is done in miniature furniture. One of the delights in seeking out the upper room is the "surprise" on a small oblong landing just to the right of the stair-head. Here Mrs. Dorion has arranged what I would term a "still life" which, if not strictly utilitarian, adds greatly to the approach of the guest room. It consists of a rush bottom occasional chair, a hooked rug, a tiny table with current magazines and, in the corner, a great vase of cattails and field grasses in artistic arrangement. A wrought-iron lantern, hanging overhead, lights the setting.

The plaster walls throughout the house, and the beaded wainscoting that was held over from the cloakrooms of the little red schoolhouse are all painted the same hue, a warm buff. If that *sounds* tiresome, *really* it isn't. This oneness of color gives a continuity and uninterrupted succession to the rooms, thus creating a feeling of space.

Simplicity is the keynote of the home itself, its interiors and its landscaping. The place has dignity and a quiet serenity that have proved a season-long joy to its owners.

New spreads in old quilt patterns

[Continued from page 111

A Kentucky coverlet was the inspiration for the spread of jacquard construction (at lower left of page 11). It is particularly effective in rich blue and white and is made by Bates. The spread in the center at the bottom of page 11 is from R. H. Macy and is named Bristol. It is difficult to believe it is machine made. The Sunflower pattern at the lower right of page 11 has long been a favorite. Instead of tiny pieces of calico put together by hand, modern mills weave the same effect by machine. Neisler Mills make this attractive quilt.

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Collector forced to buy!

[*Continued from page 221*]

weigeila, the bridal wreath, the mignonette, beneath the shade of the mightiest elm in the county.

We did alter the living room, and we think the Old House was truly grateful. We ripped out the "downstairs sick room," where the housewife used to lie when bedridden and watch the goings-on. Now the living room sweeps clear through the width of the house, thirty-eight feet in length. Incidentally, it is large enough to permit dining in one end of it, at an eight-legged table. A Chippendale corner cupboard at either end holds the Collector's china, while the Empire sideboard becomes a practical piece over which hangs an eighteenth-century portrait of Franklin looking down with Quaker tranquility.

The English Windsor chairs fit as though by appointment beside the huge fireplace and, on occasion, the pewter porringers are taken down for fellow Collectors to sip soup or eat their porridge from, and the glass-bottomed tankards are on hand for a spot of ale before retiring. Hard by stands our "Mallorcan table," although it is British to the core. We were browsing one day around a quaint antique shop located in an upstairs backroom in Palma, Mallorca, when we spied this gateleg table of English workmanship, fashioned not long after the days of the unsuccessful Spanish Armada! We pretended to be only mildly interested when they brought it out and dusted it off. Sixteen dollars! It was easily worth one hundred and fifty—as if dollars and cents were all! The old horn lantern, together with the pierced Paul Revere lantern, are actually lighted and shed just the right light, added to that of the many candles, they make the original ten-inch, hand-hewn ceiling beams stand out and reveal the true stalwart essence of the Old House.

In the parlor, we stretched a point and did something that would have been done if our farmer tenants were prosperous. For in this sacred chamber, both we and the Old House wear our Sunday-go-to-meeting bib and tucker. We leave our cruder farm manners and furnishings behind, sit up straight, reveal our innate refinement, and put on a slight air of sophistication. We disclose pride in our ancestors by placing the family Connecticut lowboy in a prominent position. Our erudition is given a flourish by exposing through the glass doors of the plain mahogany bookcase solid rows of nearly one hundred volumes more than a century old. We draw attention to our astute-

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ness as a Collector by filling the entire corner with our rare Muzio-Clementi piano and place our Grandmother's embroidered "Mount of Olives" serenely above it. This "first" piano, made in London, 1808, was a "steal" I made from a famous collection of antiques sold at one of the great auction galleries in New York City. It was put up as a spinet, detruncated, the lower legs missing, to be sold "as is." We made a psychic bid of five dollars, at which figure my wife stopped with decision. It was finally knocked down to me at the cost of twenty-five dollars and a family quarrel. When I went to claim the corpus delicti, the legs had been found—spirals with brass collars and rosettes—and I became the proud possessor of a museum piece that cost about one hundred dollars to put back in its original state.

We had long wanted a banjo clock for the parlor for service as well as adornment. We eventually acquired it due to the deplored decease of a valued friend, David Belasco. On many occasions I had taken tea and chatted with Mr. Belasco in the gallery above his theater using this clock as our timepiece. At the general scramble for other "souvenirs" at the auction of his collections our banjo clock was given scant notice. I paid twenty dollars for it and regained a concrete association with one of the great theater artists of our time, some part of which is revived at every tick and strike of its chimes!

Just beneath the Belasco clock stands an Empire sofa on its four substantial lion's-paw feet. To its esthetic form is added a fabric of flowered brocaded silk, especially designed and woven for its seat, back, and sides, as the oval medallion in the center clearly indicates. This sofa was an infinitesimal part of another famous collection of American and English antiques offered at auction. Someone started it at five dollars. The auctioneer's eyes glittered as he warned the dealers to stop "riding" him. I bid ten. One of the dealer clan made it fifteen, the whole crew intending to go after it once it reached twenty-five. Someone said twenty. "Twenty-five dollars!" I called out. "Sold!" snapped the auctioneer. There was a buzz of snarling anger. Before I left that session I was offered a hundred dollars by one of them.

There is something about an old, old clock in an old, old house that is like nothing else in the world. Its ceaseless tick-tock, tick-tock is like the beating of its heart. Like hearts, clocks differ; some tick off life with a steady, strong beat, others have a "murmur," and still others skip a beat now and then. So it is with the

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pronounced individualism of our 150-year-old Spanish clock. Every tick and strike of our Spanish clock retells the precious "adventure" that brought it into our possession. We had had luncheon with the Royal Dutch Attaché and his wife, in Madrid, both of whom were ardent Collectors. The lady confided over the liqueurs that she had picked up no end of choice bits in the Rastro—a sort of Thieves' Market. So off we all went, her de luxe car and chauffeur driving us to a certain point beyond which such a vehicle would have raised both animosity and prices. Amidst acres of second-hand goods, from bathtubs to corsets, we came upon an earnest little clockmaker with all sorts of timepieces displayed on the walls of his small booth. Over in a neglected corner hung "our" clock. A simple square case enclosed the ancient works with a Watteauesque painting of two lovers cresting the face. The weights and chain were doubtful, but the long hand-wrought brass pendulum was lovely and authentic. We made a mental resolution to go as high as ten dollars, perhaps higher. *"Cuanto vale?"* we asked, and held our breath. *"Diez pesetas!"* he growled. The peseta was thirteen cents at the time. We had not the heart to beat him down more than one peseta—according to Rastro custom—making the cost of our precious quarry one dollar and seventeen cents. As we reopen our Old House after a prolonged absence, we do not feel that it takes on life until our Spanish clock is duly wound and set going, and its heart begins to beat anew!

Finally, we conduct you to our guest bedroom. The spool bed, equipped with original spiral springs has unquestionable virtues. The Cape Cod rocker is comfortable as well as quaint. A rack is filled with books to be read in bed. There is a commodious Empire chest of drawers and "Cries of London," American historical prints, and a silhouette or two to entertain the uninitiated. There we leave you and tiptoe to our own master's bedroom and so to bed. Ah, but what a bed is ours! A gargantuan walnut affair, its beam as broad as it is long, with a narrow tester of hand-made lace spanning the pinnacles of its massive four posts. I bought this titanic cradle from an old farmer for five dollars, literally putting him out in the woodshed to sleep to make my Collector's holiday. But here stalks irony, if not revenge. For there is a deadly secret about this bed that none shall ever solve till Judgment Day. Once set up and bolted together, we have found that with all our might and main and brute force we cannot get it apart or dislodge the savage rusty

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bolts that clasp it together. It will never yield or be taken out of that old west room of ours until the house itself falls!

It is not only our lives that are bound up with all these precious things with which we have surrounded ourselves, but the lives of scores of others who still live in and through them, as long as we shall preserve them. This was a wedding-gift piece before our Revolution was thought of. My wife's great-great grandfather sat for that silhouette. Those vases were the property of one of Napoleon's generals. That piano, more than 125 years ago, shed its music before typical Sunday evening gatherings in an Old New York mansion. And so on and on. My fancy caresses them each time I pass through the rooms and I can feel the responsive glow of their appreciation.

To such lengths do we Collectors go, achieving a satisfaction unknown to Throwers-away.

A layman's fountain

[*Continued from page 45*]

of both pieces of tubing; those recommended should operate successfully for over-all distances up to 30 or 40 feet.

Either a fixed or an adjustable fountain, whichever you choose, is available. For the former it is necessary only to find by experiment just how far below the surface of the pool the nozzle should be to give the best results. With rocks serving as supports and weights, your fountain can be held in this one position. For this type, a support (not shown in the sketch) will be needed directly underneath the elbow.

I prefer the adjustable type, for with it a variety of effects may be had, the play of the fountain is increased, and the position of the nozzle can be automatically adjusted to the normal differences in the water level that come with evaporation and refilling.

The sketch shows such an installation. The distance from the elbow bend in the small tubing to the point of rest should be about 18 inches; the most satisfactory distance will be governed by the size of the nozzle and the available water pressure. The tubing should be bent and adjusted so that the nozzle is about ¼ of an inch above full water level, when the fountain is not operating. As the water is turned on, back-pressure forces the nozzle under the surface where it picks up water from the pool by friction, and adds to the operating stream enough aerated water to make it appear a hundredfold larger than it really is.

By trial and error it is possible to align the nozzle end so that the

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fountain stream will be vertical throughout most of the pressure range. The water falling back on itself varies the backpressure, and this, together with the springiness of the tubing, causes the adjustable fountain to play much more sprightly than a stationary one will. Then, too, the fish are attracted to it and add side-swipes and countless tail-flippings to vary the effect.

A few suggestions gained from experience should be added: *First*, the customary precaution that goes with copper tubing—take care not to bend it too abruptly, for it is easily kinked and made useless. *Second*, weight the line well to keep it in place and to prevent its flopping sideways. *Third*, as to winter care, though copper tubing is quite elastic and will stand some freezing, it is well not to run too great a risk. I avoid possible damage by disconnecting the piece of hose, inserting—not too tightly but well enough to keep out obstructions—a piece of cloth in the bib and bending this end well under the water level. This insures that the water in the tubing and in the pool will always be at the same level, and inner and outer pressures from freezing will be equalized.

Minor prophets in the summer border

[Continued from page 35]

looks after dusk with tall clumps of *white* rockets gleaming along the paths. You are very likely to win a convert.

Columbines are gay and congenial near-neighbors for iris and, indeed, give a radiant look to the whole garden. Devotees of these dainty perennials are divided into two camps: one made up of those who claim that the longer a columbine's spurs, the handsomer the flower, and the other composed of those with whom the short-spurred doubles are established favorites. Silver Queen, one of the selected long-spurred sorts, is becoming, without doubt, to every other flower of its season. The Rocky Mountain columbine in its cool blue and white perfection is unsurpassed and a most flattering companion for peonies and the golden stars of the daylilies. Husky seedlings of these and many other tantalizing sorts and colors, as frequently offered by plantsmen, are for many of us the quickest, easiest means of adding the columbine's airy grace to next year's garden.

A trio of perennial nepetas—Mussin's, Souvenir d'Andre Chaudron, and the newer Six Hills Giant (a 1937 introduction)—make fetching foregrounds and set off to perfection with their smoke-blue masses of tiny flowers all the orange, Chinese-red, and scarlet Oriental poppies. You will find them very obliging in the way they fringe and partially obscure the areas reserved by the poppies while the latter are enjoying their late-summer siesta. They are good natured, too, about any needful nipping and shearing and can be divided quite easily, once they've grown into stout clumps. To do this, it's best to lift the entire clump with a fork, pull it apart where separation seems most natural, and replant the slim divisions at once in a sunny situation. In starting with any of the nepetas, it is best to buy plants.

Nice amounts of blue are always needed to set off the warmer colors and the alphabet of good blues starts off well with anchusas. The tall, well-known A. italica now has, in addition to the older light-blue Opal, a gentian-blue offspring named Lissadell—six feet tall and a grand sort. All these make striking backgrounds for pink peonies. And they are an inexpensive and marvelously effective garden treatment, for anchusas come easily from seed and transplant cheerfully in their vigorous youth.

The forget-me-not anchusa (called *A. myosotidiflora* in most catalogues, although the botanists have renamed it Brunnera macro-

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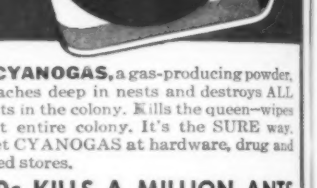

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phylla) makes an arresting mound of huge, heart-shape leaves topped by generous sprays of turquoise-blue "forget-me-nots." As pretty a flower and as handsome a one-foot tall plant as ever lingered on from tulip time until all the iris were through, it, also, is perennial and comes easily from seed.

Chinese delphiniums, platycodons, and veronicas are three more blue-flowered perennials which do subtle and gratifying things to the bright clan of July-blooming daylilies, the gay mid-summer phlox, and lofty Regal lilies with their primrose-tinted throats. An early-blooming blue platycodon and a new veronica—Blue Spires—which promise much are now offered. In fact, it is well to know the whole family of veronicas from the prostrate mats of the early varieties that hold up their brief fluffy blue plumes along with the tulips, through the intermediates, to the dark-blue clump speedwell (*V. longifolia subsessilis*) with its dramatic Leaning-Tower-of-Pisa spires, which escort the late phlox and hardy amaryllis so gallantly. A few V. spicata seedlings are weedy and some early sorts of uncertain names are pretty much inclined to flop. But, these are but a small part of a large family group.

Another good-size company pleasantly gifted at playing harmonious accompaniments, comprises the meadowrues (Thalictrum). The columbine meadowrue (*T. aquilegifolium*) hoists fluffy, spreading heads in soft tints from buff to purple, to enhance the bold iris flowers and the pleated, tissue-silk petals of the gorgeous Oriental poppies. T. glaucum, a great and beautiful plant sometimes called by that most unimaginative name, dusty rue, makes a superb setting for Madonna lilies, delphiniums and pink climbing roses.

Yunnan meadowrue (*T. dipterocarpum*) has diffuse heads made up of fragile lavender flowers—very dainty, very tassel-like. It is a graceful and airy garden companion for the rich-colored phlox, and especially good with the amaranth-red of the variety B. Comte. In indoor arrangements it is an inimitable bit, quite the perfect touch when used with the big orchid-pink clusters of Hall's hardy amaryllis. All thalictrums can be raised from seed at home, but, for next year's enjoyment, plants had best be bought, for the little seedings come on rather slowly.

Common or garden valerian (*Valeriana officinalis*)—rather unfortunately called garden-heliotrope by many of those with whom it is a long-established favorite—lifts lacy heads of white, very fragrant blooms on tall stalks and adds something quite special to peonies, both indoors and out. In the garden it is especially good-looking when grown in sizable colonies. With its heliotrope breath, it is one of the sweetest of the companion flowers which so contentedly support the bolder blossoms in their stardom and, while doing it, enrich the whole garden in small and engaging ways.

My wife has a hobby

[*Continued from page 19*]

I looked down the steep hill. There was a tall slablike woman in a sunbonnet. She was dragging an enormous dead limb of a tree down the hill. Then, as I watched, my wife approached the woman and picked up an end of the limb. The two proceeded down the hill while I, eyes riveted on the unbelievable sight, slowly drove along the ridge to the farmyard gate. Here I had to get out of the car and shoo away a protesting flock of guinea hens before I could reach the porch where my wife and the sun-bonneted woman were sitting My wife was peeling apples!

She looked up calmly and said, "This is Miss Siss Spicer, Jim. She promised you an apple pie if I would pare the apples. And don't you want to help her milk while her sister gets supper?"

Most certainly I did not want to help her milk. I hadn't milked since I was a boy. But Miss Siss peered at me dourly from under her bonnet, handed me a bucket, and started toward the barn where I saw two cows parked by the gate. In silence we began milking. In silence we finished. With the foaming buckets we started for the milk house. My wife met

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us there. It was cool inside the milk house with the continuous flow of running water. In the deep trough hewn from a single block of stone were a row of crocks. Behind them were tall stone jars covered with the same sort of glass saucers that my wife called cup plates. When my wife saw them she turned pale. She bent over a jar.

"What a lovely old jar, Miss Siss," she said, her voice trembling. "It's very old, isn't it?"

"My granny's," replied Miss Siss. She went on straining milk.

MY WIFE reached over and took a cup plate off the top of a jar and stood rubbing the bit of glass between her fingers.

"Would you—would you sell this cup—I mean jar, Miss Siss?"

Miss Siss glanced at it carelessly. "Might. Think about it. Supper time now."

We went in. A second edition of Miss Siss had supper ready.

"Set," she said, not too hospitably. We sat.

The meal was excellent. The country ham was pink and tender; the potatoes as snowy as I had anticipated; the pie and cream the acme of perfection.

After supper we sat on the porch after my wife had helped with the dishes. We watched the mist rise from the "crick" in silence though I could almost feel my wife seething with impatience. But I said nothing. Let her play her own game. It was no game for a mere man. Finally she went indoors to get her hat from the spare room bed. She was gone a long time. It was quite dark when she returned. When she came through the lamplighted doorway I noticed that she was carrying something. Or rather, a lot of things. She bade the two sisters an effusive goodnight and we started for the car.

"I'll carry your things," I offered.

She refused my offer. Frankly, I was curious to see what would join the parrot and the wax flowers in the rear seat of the car. But my wife didn't say a word until we had gone at least two miles from the farm. Evidently she was unable to keep quiet a moment longer. She commanded, "Stop here a moment, please."

I pulled the car to the side of the road and killed the engine.

"Get the book out of the pocket of the car, will you?" she said. She held it under the dash light and thumbed through the pages eagerly. Curious, I glanced at the title. It seemed to be a book on old glass by a man named Barber. After my wife had found the chapter on cup plates, she rummaged around in the debris that filled her lap and overflowed to the floor of the car and finally brought to light a half dozen little glass plates. She laid them in a row on her lap. Then she read.

"Look Jim," she said pointing to an illustration, "a Stamped Eagle! It was in the drawer of the old coffee mill I bought—and a Log Cabin with a Flag and Cider Barrel—" She read more. "A Chancellor Livingston—rare, the book says." She read again. "And three, mind you, three hearts and darts—"

"Yes?" I interrupted. "And what else?"

"Well," she confessed, "I had to buy two cream jars to get the cup plates that were on them and a coffee mill and a hooked rug and some fruit jars. The Chancellor was in the basket with the jars and I got a marvelous country cured ham for you—"

That was the beginning. To date my wife has about forty cup plates. She has a set of half a dozen in good condition, several in deep blue, two emeralds, a canary, and twenty of the forty known historical patterns.

She scrupulously keeps a journal of the cost of these bits of pressed glass. And so do I. But our figures don't seem to tally. For example, she has "The Wedding Day and Three Days After"—fifty cents. Nothing more.

Under the same item my expense account reads:

The Wedding Day and Three Days After	[illegible]
1 Franklin stove	3.00
1 gallon apple butter	1.50
1 ox yoke	3.00
1 bushel wild grapes	1.50
Cleaner's — (helped farmer catch colt)	1.50
2 lunches	1.00
Gas and oil	2.75
Total	$14.75

So you can see from my journal more of the real facts of the cup plate hunt than appears on the surface of my wife's account.

Then, too, I have been forced to build an addition to our home to house the cradles built for twins, corner cupboards, milking benches, yards of rag carpet, etc., that are the appurtenances thereto of the art of cup plate collecting.

BUT I am an indulgent husband and have offered no resistance to my wife's pursuit of this peculiar hobby. I get a lot of reading done while I wait for her as she ransacks closet shelves, cupboards, cellars, and attics of unsuspecting though often protesting folks. And I've learned a thing or two myself.

I haven't told my wife, but I know where there is an extremely rare octagonal Frigate Constitution in vaseline glass. One of these days I'm going out there for a week-end hunting trip and I think that if I buy an old walnut loom which they have in their smoke house, I can get that cup plate for a couple of dollars.

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. . . and I said: "Yes, son . . . and now you watch how fast the dirt goes when Bon Ami gets to work"

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Mr. Smoker: What do they do?

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Mr. Smoker: I believe I'll try them.

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